

Bruce Cockburn
and changes

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's



SEPTEMBER 7, 1981

\$1.00



THE MOUNTIE INDICTMENT

— A SPECIAL REPORT —

Commissioners Gilbert McDonald and Rickard





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EDITORIAL

Pink with embarrassment, we must paint our Mounties scarlet again



By Peter C. Newman

The special report in this issue (page 23) on the Commission of Inquiry Concerning Certain Activities of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police documents in frightening detail the abuse of power and development of a force sworn to uphold the law.

It is the measured, judicial tone of the McDonald commission's 1,784-page indictment that emphasizes the devastating impact of its message. The RCMP has failed to enforce the delicate balance between order and liberty that defines the degree of freedom enjoyed by any society.

We care about the Mounties in this country. We care about them because they symbolize not only law and order but Canada itself. What the four-year inquiry established beyond any shadow of doubt is that the Mounties no longer differentiate between law and justice. It is, in the commission's phrase, their "willingness to deceive" that is so confounding, their reliance on a "disregard and unacceptable" definition of subversion, which fails to distinguish between democratic dissent and genuine threats to Canada's security, that is so frightening.

It was in the July, 1979, issue of this magazine that

ex-corporal Jack Ramsay, after a 14-year exemplary career with the RCMP, chose to resign and tell his eloquent story. It has now been corroborated by the McDonald commission. "Especially during my last seven years on the force," Ramsay wrote in *Masked*, "I watched fellow members lying, falsifying records and ignoring suspects' rights until I came to dislike patting on the famous scarlet tunic, because it made me feel like a hypocrite."

Ramsay remains as reform-minded as ever. "It's the men and women in the force now who'll suffer," he says, "not the blockheads of the past." But his prescription ("the only way to change the RCMP is to strip them of their authority and rebuild from the ground up") is too drastic to be practical.

What is required instead is a fundamental shift away from the "parade-square mentality" that permeates the force. Officers are chosen not on the basis of competence or even ambition but by the pull of their unyielding loyalty, so that increased authority is granted only to those who have proven themselves acceptable to the men who already have it.

Canada needs the RCMP. The McDonald commission has shown the way for returning the men in scarlet to their former honor and glory.

Macdonald

September 7, 1981

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Reversing the right gears

Your recent cover story asked, *Does Nothing Work Anymore?* (Aug. 17). Peter Newman's editorial suggested that much of the problem stems from a lack of action by the elites in Ottawa. The best thing that these elites could do would be to reverse some of their recent actions. It is government action that is the problem. The Clark-Crooke budget has been the only recent indication that people with a few brains are still present in Parliament. Even though it was argued to make it seem less drastic, it still proved unpopular. Maybe we deserve what we get.

—THOMAS A. PEY
Calgary, Alta.

Spadina's revenge

A *Sherry Rehabe* to the Gores (Canada, Aug. 31) was excellent. Jim Coetzee emerged from the Spadina hysteria as a political marriage. His mentor, Pierre Trudeau, the personification of productivity, will not be far behind. Canadians are a thrifty lot, the greatest spendthrift in our history can count the days he may continue shooting at down with our own money. What Spadina needs is, what Trudeau wants he will not get.

—FARLEY PAULNIER
Toronto

PASSAGES



ANNOUNCED: By Nova Scotia Premier John Buchanan, 50, a provincial election on Oct. 4. Buchanan's Conservatives will be pitted against the Liberals, led by 42-year-old A.M. (Standy) Cameron, and the N.F.P., led by 35-year-old Alexa McDonough. The women are expected to lead a provincial vote split. McDonough also fired the first volley in the campaign, calling the election a waste of money since the government has been in office for only three years.

DIED: Lee Hays, 67, founder of the '60s folk group the Warrens and co-writer of *I Hit a Hammer*, of a heart attack in a Tarrytown, N.Y., hospital.

SENTENCES: Mark David Chapman, 26, to 20 years to life in prison for the second-degree murder of John Lennon, in a Manhattan, N.Y., court. Before sentencing, Chapman, who had pleaded



A lack of action by the elites

A rough sea

There is an "H" of a difference between "naval ships" and naval ships breaking up a blockade in Europe's largest port, Rotterdam. (Another *Way to Live*, Fotheringham, Aug. 24)

—GORDON J. FRASER
Mississauga, Ont.

More bells are ringing

By some stretch, probably not his own, Fotheringham managed to be standing on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral at a time when millions of people were moved by an event of historic and na-

tional importance to the country where he was a visitor (*As To You, So Shall Ye Move*, Colman, Aug. 18). This man's novels were limited to a few cursory observations and colored by his own envy and bitterness. His apparent enjoyment of the English countryside had to be tainted by his cynical jealousy. An individual's musing thoughts from a few scattered observations of another country's system is cheap journalism.

—KATHLEEN BOGGSFIELD
Guelph, Ont.

Foreordained?

It appears that Catholics are having trouble deciding whether women should be ordained as priests (*Toward the Priestly Rules*, Beliveau, June 22). A quick look at 1 Timothy, chapter 2, verses 11 to 14 should solve the dispute. Verse 12 reads, "But it is not a woman to teach, nor to exercise authority over the man, but to be in silence."

—PATRICIA MORENO
Weymouth, N.S.

Cement facts

In your article *A Concrete Proposal* (Business, July 12) you said that Canada Cement Lafarge Ltd. is Canada's No. 2 cement producer, trailing Genstar Ltd. of Vancouver. This is incorrect. We are, and have been for some time, the No. 1 producer. —SHELDON A. FRANKLIN, *Manager, Corporate Communications, Canada Cement Lafarge Ltd., Montreal.*



DIED: Dan Davis, 68, the second World War spy thought to have been the model for Ian Fleming's fictional agent, James Bond in *Casino Royale*. Following a long illness.

Born in Yugoslavia, Popev became a British agent in 1940 and was swiftly recruited by the Germans. In 1944, his phony information helped divert several divisions from the eventual landing spot in Normandy. In a 1974 book, Popev told of such wartime experiences as gambling \$50,000 in one night while British intelligence officer Fleming watched.

DIED: Lowell Thomas, 80, legendary broadcaster and author of more than 50 books, of a heart attack at his home in Pawling, N.Y. Thomas interviewed the famous and powerful during his far-ranging tours; he rode with Lawrence of Arabia, shot tigers in India with Edward, Prince of Wales (later the Duke of Windsor) and took tea with the 15-year-old Dalai Lama in the "Forbidden city" of Lhasa in 1949.

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A classic error, anyway

I enjoyed your photograph of Prime Minister Trudeau's 1956 Mercedes-Benz (On to Unfinished Business, Canada, June 28), however, you call this car a classic, and that term is incorrect. Generally, the classic era was from 1925 to 1936 and consisted only of low-volume custom-bodied vehicles with multi-cylinder engines and long wheel bases. The prime minister's car is a very interesting car, but not a classic. It can be called a milestone car or a special interest vehicle.

—RAN HAPPEFØR,
North Vancouver, B.C.

A buff, a puff, a Perrot and...

Although pleased to once again see our cheerful postwoman at my door, I am sadly disappointed at the price we Canadians paid to settle the postal strike (Both a Strike and a Blue Cover, July 27). Our confederate government's delegates collapsed like a house made of straw against a determined crowd. What was the point of subjecting us to a strike if we were to simply to meet our union demands anyway? Would that Canada had leaders like Ronald Reagan, with sufficient backbone to confront our fractious unions. We have had it up to here and we are not going to take it anymore.

Calgary, Alta.

No credibility, no credit

Andrew Allenstock did not do any homework on his article A Roll to Tangle in Rummy (Forum, July 27). This is obvious as he lumped credit bureaus and investigative agencies together. There is a very great difference between them.

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Trudeau and Mercedes: a milestone

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—KEVIN DELGAYE,
Executive Vice President,
Associated Credit Bureaus of Canada,
Toronto

Labouring over our place

Since you refer to "International Labor Organization charts that show us leading the industrial world in work-time lost through strikes" (Focus: Shock! The Quality of Leadership Is Skewed, Editorial, Aug. 17) permit me, for the sake of statistical accuracy, to draw attention to inaccurate statistics. The ILO Year Book of Labor Statistics, 1980, features no table related to industrial disputes thereby "No differentiation between strikes and lockouts has been possible, since in most countries the distinction is not observed in the statistics." Despite of small importance and political strikes are frequently not included in the statistics. Various methods are used for calculating the number of working days lost, and these data, as well as the statistics of workers involved, are often approximations only. Variations in the data base make the validity of country-to-country comparison highly questionable.

—JOHN R.W. WHITEHOUSE,
Director, ILO Canada Regional Office,
Ottawa

An echoing lament

We can put a man on the moon and kill each human 10 times, but we can't cure cancer (The Conquering Hero Moves on, Canada, July 6). Terry Fox is dead and I'm disgusted.

—DUGLAS FOGWILL,
Saskatoon, Sask.

Small is beautiful

As a parent and a permanent resident of Harvey, Ont., for the past 18 years, I can honestly say that your source of information on the students of Mill Point was very misleading (Top Marks for the Little Schoolhouse, This Canada, June 6). A high percentage of these students have their Grade 12 or 13 diplomas (two are my own children). Students dropping out of high school and leaving Harvey are no more or less worth mentioning. It was unfair to state otherwise as most of these students are now grown and are very responsible citizens. Living in a small community has made many of these young adults very aware of the world and very proud.

—KATHLEEN BLANCHARD,
Harvey, Ont.

Pandora's bread box

Just how does Averil Mandelbaum think that farmers grow "beef" will do much for the cost of food when the wheat that makes an 86-cent loaf of bread brings eight cents gross to the farmer (Feeding in Rosemary Quinsland, Pictorial, July 27)? Or how will liquidating beef producers provide cheaper beef when they are already producing in most parts, under cost of production?

—PHILIP LINDENBACH,
Welles, Sask.

Death of a salesman

Your articles Don't Drink the Water (Cover, June 28) and Fire and Looking in the Land (Canada, June 28) are examples of the new journalism and modern adaptation of William Randolph Hearst's adage. If there is no news, make news. What could have been an informative article on the state of our drinking water, which is nevertheless, was marred by the apparent need to substitute hype for substance. While hype may grab the reader's attention, it's not very useful in providing a better understanding of the issue. The story line in the second article suffered a similar fate. I am left only shaking my head at Maclean's and the style of reporting such stories.

—B.G. GATTEL,
Ottawa

Letters are edited and may be condensed.
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return address. Send correspondence to Letters
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Blinding visions of oil profits

'A good portion of the Newfoundland way of life is sanctioned mediocrity'

By Rex Murphy

When most people dream about Rites they usually forget to include the snake. These days, a similar confusion is taking place in Newfoundland. The political and business leadership of the province are engaged in such hearty fantasies about our oil future that they haven't been paying too much attention to the present. To me the question is not what oil might do for us, but what it has already done to us.

This is not yet another chorus of remorse hoping for divine oil forgiveness. Newfoundland, I am willing to concede, even to support the idea, that a Newfoundland in the 1980s cannot be satisfied with being little more than a crime dialect from a deserted village. Newfoundland as, think God, far in advance of the province degraded in her own tourist literature. Which is not to say that all changes are good.

The past few years, in particular, have been remarkable for a change of attitude in Newfoundland. Two things are responsible for this change: the discovery of the Hibernia oil deposits and Premier Brian Peckford's unapologetic interpretation of these discoveries. The manner of the Peckford interpretation is simple to grasp: we want it all. Everything will be for the best if Newfoundland completely owns the resource; if its jurisdiction is completely assured; if its management is completely ours; if development is completely under our control; if its revenue and jobs are completely ours.

Outed with this monstrously selfish stance, however, is an even more disturbing rider—the Peckford claim that if the Newfoundland first-aid-and-only-ownership is somehow defeated, then Newfoundland is doomed, her hat and only fight to prosperity cancelled, our dreams of pride shattered and our future (and the future of neighbouring friends and unimpeachable bastions). Driven as dumb by the terror of this latter prospect, Newfoundland has all but declared war on the rest of the country.

We have a set of off-shore employment regulations for "outsiders" which amount to a partial immigration policy. We are on red alert with Nova Scotia over fish, and with Quebec over hydroelectric power. And our relations with Ottawa are, at best, hostile. Generally speaking there has been a pretty fair decline in our manners when dealing with the rest of Canada.

Well, why have we subscribed so freely to an all-or-nothing point of view? The reasons have a large yet struggling to be born, but they share a common theme. They all have to do with our parish politician's favourite talisman: the socialist, exhortative, never-to-be-questioned Newfoundland way of life.

I know that to some minds this precious way of life is a cliché of 60-year-old failures standing on a wharf and

stider than themselves, dispensing wisdom to all and sundry, under an impressively immaculate sky in an industrially virgin landscape. The truth is, however, that a goodly portion of the Newfoundland way of life is merely sanctioned mediocrity—or worse—and far from being defended in all courts, should be given a speedy farewell. Furthermore, a way of life has never yet been sponsored by a legislature, or been preserved by a legislature when its time had passed.

There are other questions concerning our race for off-shore monopoly that rate attention. Our managerial incompetence, for example. The most frequent Newfoundland tragedy does not take place at sea. It occurs on land and always involves a large industry that has fallen to the mercy of our mismanaging hands. Consider the following:

• Churchill Falls—at the time of its development, North America's largest hydro project—was now effectively financing the future of Quebec. We still own it, too.

• The \$280-million linerboard mill at Stephenville fell under our governance, grew ill and died.

• The Come by Chance refinery—another violently controlled Newfoundland enterprise—was, or rather was, in corporate limbo and about to be sold for scrap, until rescued by federal Petro-Canada.

• Going back a ways, at our peak during the '80s, we almost sold all of Labrador rights as though the water and earth this regard we are surrendering and caving to give (adequate and ownership of) one of the most massive industrial undertakings since the pyramids.

Presently, I detect a gaudy, vulgar, vulgar in Newfoundland's rush into a new oil future. Some of the benefits are already manifest and they are not palatable. The province is in a state of monetarism. Oil and gas jurisdiction and ownership have obliterated every other topic from the public agenda.

Newfoundland's new dream is unrecognizably arrogant. Already it has stripped us of some of our native gentility and civility toward our neighbors. Already its herid core of gold has made a partial sacrifice of the human elegance of Newfoundlanders. Already, too, a pervasive and tasteless conformity has entered our otherwise healthy and vigorous political style. And for what? So that our leaders can prove themselves with fantasies of financial empire. So that this province, with half the population of a modern westernity, can adorn itself with the trappings of state.

The dream is ugly. It is strict, righteous and cold, pathologically incapable of compromise on any of its bleak features. These are the effects of our future. They are here already—a despoliation of the essence and spirit of Newfoundland's admirable and very particular identity.

Rex Murphy is a writer and broadcaster from Placentia Bay, Nfld.



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A renegade spirit in the union den

As a new power in the steelworkers' union, Patterson is expected to chart a defiant course

By Brian D. Johnson

It was a warm August morning in Sudbury, Ont., and Dave Patterson was undermood. To reach him you had to turn your back on a blowy sky, pass through clouds of white vapor rising from the shafts and enter a cage that wobbled as it glided 565 metres into the earth. Then a half-dozen ironies: through dark tunnels the miners will "drift" up a slick wooden ladder and through a trapdoor into the steps, a space that felt like a ship's hold. There, in darkness relieved only by the feeble glow from the miners' cap lamps, was a down-looking individual in danger, chewing a wad of tobacco.

Then 33-year-old Peter showed no signs that he was about to rise to one of the key posts in the country's labor movement, that Sept. 1 he would become director of District 6 of the United Steelworkers of America, whose 300,000 members include the 35,000 of Ontario's mines, smelters and steel mills, and that the union had tried everything in its power to stop him.

For the moment he was just a miner trying to prove he was still a miner after five years in a series of five jobs management had not been thrilled to hear Dave Patterson, infamous renegade, wanted to use his August break to go back underground and join their new union certification program. This was his last dark period between resigning as president of Local 6500 in Sudbury and taking on the \$12,000-a-year director's job in Toronto—perhaps his last chance to return to the mines where he has worked for six years.

In the mark of Level 1,800 (550 metres), with a supervisor looking over his shoulder, Patterson sits behind a three-chain shaker, a crude cylindrical contraption that hurls a sump bar back and forth along the steps as cables it reflects the mark. Local 6500 and shovels it into a chute to be hoisted to the surface. The shaker runs to left and Patterson, all four limbs connected to le-



Patterson, the miner, and Sudbury's iron-defeating tandem feeds unionists



vers and pedals, struggles to maneuver the sump bar as it rattles along the ground. He has trouble sweeping up some rock sitting flush against the rock face but gets most of it.

"The talented guys can make those things dance," he says as he moves his handwork. "I'm just in the process of learning how to pole with the God damn thing." He's more familiar with a front-end loader called a Scoopshaw. "When we finish drilling," he explains, "we blast it and wash the rock all down. Then we bring in the scoop and suck it out. Then hold it, screen it, drain the face again and bring the three-horn jaw bar back in to drill again."

Trade union leaders often do not talk like workers, ironic though it may

seem, and this is one thing that sets Patterson apart from some of his counterparts in the upper echelons of organized labor—an obsessive pride in the fact that he's made of solid working-class stuff. His entire campaign against Stu Cooke, the incumbent director of the Ontario district, hinged on his claim that he was from the rank and file of Sudbury miners while Cooke—university-educated with 20 years' service in union offices—"doesn't know what it's like to get his hands dirty." When Patterson decided to run for the post even his closest supporters thought he had no chance of upsetting an incumbent who could mobilize the staff and machinery of one of the continent's strongest unions.

The support that eventually gathered behind Patterson's bid for the directorship looked more like a movement than a campaign. Workers took time off and sacrificed vacations to travel around the province on behalf of this Sudbury miner who talked about defeating "asshole trade unionism." Some were attracted to his nationalism—his desire to dampen the influence of the steelworkers' Pittsburgh headquarters by creating a Canadian constitution for the union. Some were simply enthralled by his "no-bullshit" charisma as he

talked about union democracy, political involvement, health and safety and women's rights. But the masses were overshadowed by the contestants. Patterson calmly stood before television cameras and said: "My opponent is a fat-assed bureaucrat. He's been that way for 30 years and he's not going to change." Meanwhile, Cooke's supporters tried to brand the challenger as both a red and a bourgeois in the same breath. On the one hand, they pointed to the fact that Patterson's campaign manager, Phil Taylor, was chairman of the Canadian Party of Labor (a small Socialist group), and on the other, they said Patterson craved around in a \$20,000 Corvette Stingray and owned an Arabian stallion.

Rather than dock the charges, Pat-

terson took them head on and let them breathe. He did let it be known that he calls himself a social democrat and belongs to the NDP but made no attempt to wipe the rouge off Taylor or dispense the support his campaign was attracting by the various currents of the far left. "I honestly don't know what a communist is," he said. "But in the labor movement when someone calls you a communist, it pushes a McCarthy button."

About the car and the horse... well, Patterson, like quite a few law workers, does drive a Corvette—a 1976 silver Stingray that cost him \$7,000, not \$20,000, and he claims his wife persuaded him to buy the horse, a white Anglo-Arabian gelding, for \$200. "I only bought the car as an investment," he says somewhat defensively. "It's not that comfortable, but it turns on a dime and gives you five seats a change."

What do you do with an urban cowboy who hangs around with reds and enjoys breezing through the fashion racks of European socialites? That Patterson could be so assiduous about both Corvettes and communists was enough to satisfy some of his campaign workers who felt he was already at a disadvantage. "You try to create a decent image for the guy and he's driving around in this thing," sighed Mick Lowe, a publicity worker on the campaign. "We asked him to get rid of the car and the horse but he wouldn't hear of it. Trying to lead Patterson is like trying to drive a Brahman bull with a stick. They go where his instincts tell him to go. He's a gambler, and he'll often go for the long roll of the dice."

One such gamble was the 1976 iron strike. In September of that year, sitting on a stockpile of nickel, iron had no qualms about weathering a strike and

Defeated union boss Cooke (above) took



offered its Sudbury employees a suitably meagre contract (including a four-cent hourly wage hike). Stu Cooke urged them to accept the offer. As enraged Patterson returned to his office and iron Cooke's portrait off his wall, he let the 11,500 members of Local 6500 into a warehouse that lasted 8½ months before they won a contract they considered a victory. That summer Patterson became the first president in the local's 30-year history to be re-elected after a strike. Two years later (last May) he went on to defeat Cooke. According to all odds, his support should

have withered somewhat back on the picket line.

It's not surprising that a legend of sorts has grown around Patterson in Sudbury—a cross between Rocky and Norman Macleod. He has always treated his women's battle with love as a blood ritual, a primal conflict of good and evil in which he serves as a populist shaman. "You're either a company guy or a union guy, and I had no trouble making my decision." Being a working-class hero in a full-time occupation, and Patterson walks, talks and sleeps union. Not one to underplay the romance of his own ex-



Morgan White.
COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



ARTIST: BLANK



the police, he points out that there was no taboo against talking union where he was brought up because his stepfather was a teamster and his mother was a payroll clerk who organized for the steelworkers.

Patterson was born in St. Valentine's Day in Truro, N.S., moved to Toronto at the age of 6, and later to Fort Erie, Ont., where he attended high school. The only memories he's eager to talk about from those years serve to substantiate the legend. His grandfather, slaving 18 hours a day on a paving machine, his father "walking around like a zombie" because he drove a truck 80 hours a week and his mother coming home from the office crying after a layoff had been assessed. He spent his teen-age years in Fort Erie being an indifferent student and drifting across the border with the boys to drink American beer. After completing high school and dropping out of Niagara College in 1967, he and two friends hopped into a car and headed for the Northwest Territories "to look for jobs." On the way, Patterson stopped off in Sudbury, got a job working underground at Inco, and never left. He was 18.

They were primitive days in a company town. He paid \$35 of his \$92.50 weekly take-home wage to share a two-bedroom with four other men, and in the mine there was no running water. "I would be amazed to see guys fight over who was going to put their cup of soup over the hottest light bulb," Patterson says. Looking back on the start, he "mentally lived on the picket line" during his first strike, a four-month walkout in 1969.

Harvey Myers, a beefy Inco worker who detested those words of his vacation time to the district election campaign, remembers when he first met Patterson underground 11 years ago. "He was hairy. He had this long scraggly hair and these wild eyes, and he was giving some foreman shit. If a supervisor so much as looked at him, he filed a grievance. But he's a lot more confident now." Myers, between mouthfuls of bags and eggs as he prepares for a shift at the Copper Cliff smelter, "He's not the tough must be perceived to be. He can be the most dissonant one of a hotbed I've ever seen, but now, still he gets backed into a corner, then walks out."

In 1972, Patterson was fired for urging miners not to show up at the cage

before their official shift time, the whole mine staged a 24-hour wildcat walkout and he was released. The next year the union awarded him a \$2,000 scholarship to attend a labor "college" sponsored by the Canadian Labour Congress at the University of Montreal. The course inspired him to later earn for two semesters of evening classes in social sciences at St. Mary's Laurentian University, which he attended back to back with graveyard shifts at the mine. Patterson is proud of his self-taught literacy, and names such as Anistate,

"I defy the government to put me in jail"



Patterson, with Sherrin, and newborn daughter Sherwin as a popular mascot

Canine and Mac crop up in his conversation. But he harbors a basic "mistrust" of academics trying to guide the labor movement (such as those in the SDP). "I'm a little tired of going into academic circles and hearing oh, goodie, a real live worker with a big W branded right into his forehead. Let's go over and pick his brains."

In 1976 Patterson ran for the presidency of his local, lost by 82 votes, then won by 1,200 in a second election after discrepancies showed up in the original ballot. The night of his election "should have been a happy one," he says, but it was muddied by an incident that day

into the death of a fellow miner, Sam Beale, whose wife was eight months pregnant.

As Patterson talks about the men he has seen killed underground over the years, the depth of his hatred for Inco becomes clearer. After he took his oath of office as local president in 1976, he says, "It was like a marriage vow. I didn't like anything but my job." Four years later, however, he found rocks in his heart for another marriage, to Sherrin, but even then their romance appeared to be a subplot of the labor movement. Sherrin was happily working in Toronto as a secretary for its arch rival, St. Joe. When she first met Dave in Toronto in 1978, "I didn't really care for him that much," she admits. "I thought he was really arrogant." But her opinion softened outside the office. On their first date they went to see *Grease II* and she watched him, while he sat petting. Their courtship coincided with his campaign against Cooke, so after Dave had wooed Sherrin away from the influence of her boss, whom he had publicly dubbed "the palace penis," he considered the fairy tale on May 29 by slaying Cooke at the ballot box with 5,700 votes to square. Sherrin was puzzled when Dave dared to seek his own's certificate in August but assumes it's all a matter of pride.

Patterson wasn't looking forward to leaving his friends in Sudbury and searching for a home in Toronto. He begins his new job in the middle of a strike by Stelco's 12,800 iron-ore workers in Hamilton, and other union leaders, Cecil Taylor, predicts Patterson "will have a rough time" dealing with union headquarters in Pittsburgh. "The international corporate are not going to take this lightly," says Taylor. This year Patterson was the only director elected to the 30-member executive board from a steelworker state of reform candidates across North America, and already the union leadership has taken steps to isolate him. In July, three of the four staff members at the Ontario district office were transferred by Cooke, and a hiring freeze will make them difficult to replace. "They've got a vendetta against anyone who even dares associate with the reform movement," says Patterson. While Lloyd McFarlane, international president of the 14 million-member union, denies a vendetta, there is an asterisk there to his

classmates



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The presentation of an aggressive new image for the Maclean Hunter communications complex is shown on the drawing board of Canadian designers Gottschalk & Ash





You can pour whisky

DATELINE: POLAND

Freedom journey on the Chopin Express

Thousands of disenchanting Poles are packing their bags to seek a new life in the West

By Peter Lewis

THE PERSECUTION was pointless because nobody would challenge him at the border, but he took it all the same. Choosing brand-new passports, the young Pole preparing to board the Chopin Express for Vienna with his wife and two daughters sailed for roaming tickets as he hid his money across the counter at the Warsaw-Colonia station in northern Warsaw. Behind him, his wife kept a nervous eye on the luggage, fear tight bags which suggested the family was leaving only for a brief vacation.

But belongings were surely the last thing on the couple's minds. Like many of the Polish passengers catching the Chopin Express that evening, they would not be using the return ticket because they had elected to go into exile to escape Poland's political upheavals and economic miseries. And it was clear from the father's face that the decision had not come easily to him. "This is our



Poles disembarking, avoiding risks

country and our language," said the man, whose name was Witold, as he led his girls to Platform 2 where the train waited. "It makes me sick to say goodbye." The children, wearing billowing park dresses, hung closely to their parental sides, too small to understand the gravity of the moment but reduced to silence by the mood gripping the grown-ups. "It's for them that we are leaving," Witold explained. "Poland can give them only uncertainty and hunger."

Every day for the past few months hundreds of Poles—most of them young, middle-class and educated—have been turning their backs on their country's tribulations to seek a better life in the West. Some do so obediently by applying for emigration at Western embassies in Warsaw. But the vast majority, like Witold, simply head for Austria or elsewhere with their families and seek far political asylum.

The Polish authorities refuse to put a figure on the number of Poles currently

quitting the country for good. However, since the labor turmoil during the summer of 1980, it has been easier than ever before to obtain passports—passport regulations have been relaxed due to public pressure since the emergence of the Solidarity movement—and unofficial estimates suggest that as many as one million Poles crowded to the West this summer. More than nine out of 10 will come back, many with hard currency earned as casual work. With regard to those who will not return, the Polish government has expressed deep alarm over the exodus but has done nothing to halt it.

Yet the coming months for Witold and other "self-exiles"—the new code word used by international refugee officials to designate people once known as defectors—will hardly be cheerful. The journey to Vienna on the Chopin Express is grueling, a 12-hour ride interrupted by a halt at Petroska as the Polish-Czech frontier during which Poles are often harassed by unfriendly Czech customs officials. Once in Vienna, Witold will apply at a police station for asylum and be dispatched to the Traiskirchen refugee transit camp, about 30 km outside the capital, the only such camp welcoming all East European refugees. Here, the family will join some 2,300 other refugees (the place was originally meant to house



Midlife at Traiskirchen for Polish refugees: uncertainty and hunger

1,000) is waiting from three to six months for a country to open its doors to them. The camp will provide them with three square meals a day, medical care and a small pocket money for the head of the family. But, however generous the handouts, life at Traiskirchen fails to match up to what most refugees had expected of their first dip into the maelstrom of capitalism. Camp director Karl Radek says

that as the weeks pass away grow bored, dependent and sometimes quarrelsome.

Most Polish refugees say they yearn to settle in the United States, Canada or Australia. Canada stands for many as the most popular choice because Australia is generally deemed too far away and Poles have been led by word reports in the East European media to picture the U.S. as a whirlwind of racial hatred,



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vacancies and drugs. (In late July, the Canadian government announced the quota for refugees from Eastern Europe to 4,000 from 3,000. Most of the additional refugees are expected to be Poles. Quebec, the first province to set up a program to welcome Polish refugees, will accept 500 this year, mostly from Transilvania.)

Although the images all cite economic hardship as the main reason for leaving, they agree there are other pressing motives for wanting out. Among the evident ones is the corruption that, notwithstanding Solidarity, the system cannot change. "The Har-



'Self-exiles' arriving in Vienna. 'It makes me sick to say goodbye.'

shes will never tolerate the sort of reforms needed to make Poland a decent place to live," declares Marek P., who intends to leave Warsaw in the next month for West Germany. But Marek, an industrial designer, also suggests he wanted to leave because he felt inadequately employed in a country that had turned out two heavy industrial designers for the amount of work available.

Another Warsaw resident, a Catholic journalist who has applied—to her unsuccessful—to emigrate to the United States, claimed he was disgusted by the corrupting effect the crisis had had on life in the capital. The attraction for hard currency, which Poles need for travelling abroad or to buy choice goods available only for foreign money, has pushed the black market rate for dollars to more than 200 zlotys per dollar (nearly eight times the official rate). As Warsaw struggles to fill its food baskets, it is the big international hotel's hawk stolen Russian caviar to tourists

for \$30 (US\$) per pound, a fraction of the retail market price. Not a few respectable middle-class Poles have been reduced to peddling foreigners in the street for money, while empty bowls find it impossible these days to have a sub-sistence. They produce a greenback. "When you are low the crime has come to suddenly erode our values you tell yourself enough," said the journalist. "If it goes on too long there will only be heroes and crooks left in Warsaw."

While people leaving the country are arguments like the journalist's to justify the move, they cannot, for the most part, escape feeling a little guilty about

emigrating. On the night the Chopin Express left with Witold and his family, Witold admitted that "Perhaps for the week also, for leaving Poland when its luck is down." He also told it again: himself to be waiting out on the country's social revolution. "I waited 10 years for something like Solidarity to come along. Now that it's happened, I left." But for Witold, his family's welfare means more than any hypothetical pot of gold lying at the end of Poland's present convulsions.

These convictions have so far brought extreme hardship and the threat of freedom which made it possible for Witold to now take the Chopin Express without danger to himself or his family. For the first time he had a real choice about his future. "I weighed the odds," said Witold, a skilled x-ray technician with near-perfect English and some German, "and decided I might not get another chance." The odds had told him to quit while he was ahead. ☐

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CITY SCENE



Rev. Mulholland and his team: not a bible-bashing operation

On a wing and a prayer

Toronto's Flying Angel provides a harbor for ailing seamen

By Victor Paddy

For nearly three hours Murray Hawkins, "the Wednesday night man," has been trying to reach the Philippines. It's perhaps his 10th phone call now and, though the line has been dead for several minutes, he sits as still as the night air. Then, with a building smile, the ruddy-faced Hawkins says, "Buster, I think we got through." For Samuel James, second engineer on the 32,000-tonne President Quince, the wait is over. At Toronto's Pier 31, just north of Cherry Beach, James's freighter is unloading steel containers from Belgium. On the phone, the Spanish-speaking sailor is unloading an emotional cargo with the help of his wife and two children, family he has not seen in nearly three months. James, who has been at sea for as long as 30 months at a stretch, will not see his family for another year. And Hawkins, one of the 23 volunteers at the Toronto branch of The Mission to Seafarers, sits in the tiny mission office, shaking his head. "A couple of days ago, I had to call some little girl that half-way round the world for a sailor, and learned if I didn't get through. This direct dialing is amazing."

Most of the world's millions of sailors—James included—say the same thing about Missions to Seafarers, the division of the Anglican Church that this year celebrates 125 years of service to seafarers in more than 90 glo-

bal ports. After his 15-minute \$42 call (which he pays for on the spot), an ailing James says the life of a sailor is "very lonely," then adds that it would be much lonelier without the missions. "When we go anywhere, we say first 'Where is the seamen's club?' It helps us to telephone home."

But like the other international Christian seafarers' clubs, Missions to Seafarers offers sailors much more than a phone call home. Swimming pools, well-stocked bars and tennis courts, though all foreign to the Toronto club with its hard-to-swim \$65,000 annual budget, are not uncommon in the larger missions. What the Toronto branch lacks in five-star service, though, it more than makes up for in concern—12 hours a day—and spectacle.

A blue-and-white 1985 De Witt streetcar serves as a combination chapel and sundress store. The main mission building, a second-hand trailer, houses the TV room, kitchen and seamen's store. An old portable schoolroom-turned-pool hall had made language lessons attached to the trailer. Out front, a wildest sort of fall racing snays from its cement-filled planter, while an ocean of brightly colored flowers in 18 cutoff, garishly painted wire barrels welcomes seafarers.

"Sailors love flowers. They don't see too many at sea," says a mission chaplain and "Flying Angel" for the past six years Rev. David Mulholland. Seamen all over the world know the missions' chaplains

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Multilingual hearing consultation: communication with visitors is never a problem

as Flying Angels—the Mission to Seamen logo depicts an angel in flight spreading the gospel to every nation and tongue. If he lacks the wings, Mulholland, a strikingly handsome 40-year-old bachelor, certainly has the tongue for the job. "I speak some German, some French, and the Slavic languages, and I believe the rest. Communicating with sailors is never a problem." Well, almost never. Among the nearly 5,000 transient parishioners who visited the Toronto mission last year, Cuban and Soviet sailors could have been lost in a dingle. "What they seem to do for

is couple of bags filled and go back to their ship. They stay away because they think we're out to convert them."

Though mass in the streamer is common and Christian lurals at sea and shipboard marriages not unheard of, the mission is not a bible-bashing operation. In fact, Mulholland spends much of his time pouring coffee and serving cold beer for thirsty sailors, either from the mission's office or from the two-year-old van he uses to greet ships docked on the shores of Lake Ontario from Colborne to Clarkson, Ont. With his mobile mission, the only one of its kind in Canada, Mulholland offers the down-to-earth blessings—a color TV

and chilled drink for sailors who don't make it into Pier 55. But whenever he greets his flock, Mulholland dons his German stevedore's cap and soiled corduroy pants for priestly vestments only when asked. Two years ago, a crew from the South Pacific came to Mulholland with a rather peculiar request. Three stevedores had been crushed to death in the ship's No. 2 hold and the crew wanted him to make the place holy again. "I put out the holy water, burned some incense and blessed the wheelhouse and the seemingly jinned hold." The crew and the ship, says Mulholland, left him happy.

A couple of terrorists ago, while serving as a galley hand on a Great Lakes oil tanker—"just for the experience"—Mulholland was again asked a special favor. "I worked like any other sailor, but one morning, odd Sunday, they asked me to give a service, so I said a very simple mass and at the end went out to the galley door and shook hands with everybody, just as I do in church. When the young whelms came up to me he was a little embarrassed. He'd had a couple of beers with me, so two sailors do, but he'll never see me in my priest's gown. Finally he shook hands with me and said, 'God father, that was real civilized.'" And that, says Mulholland, is what a Flying Angel is all about. ☐

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COVER

Black marks for scarlet coats

By Robert Lewis

It should have been a relatively satisfactory week for Pierre Trudeau, but it didn't end that way. An exhaustive royal commission on the RCMP concluded that the prime minister, his ministers and top government officials were never told about any specific crimes that may have been committed by the Security Service in the early 1970s. For Trudeau, the finding was especially welcome, since the three voluminous tomes fairly bristled with examples of discipline, deception and massive invasion of individual privacy by RCMP agents supposed to be protecting national security and intelligence. The proud scarlet symbol, in the end, stood accused of not knowing right from wrong and of confusing "the half-truth with the whole truth."

Up in the Centaur Hill, John Starnes, a retired director of the service who was severely chastised by the inquiry, was nothing. He set aside final work on an operative spy novel, *Deep Sighs*, and ventured out into the cold to grant several interviews. He told Maclean's that between 1970 and 1972 Trudeau was involved personally in de-

cision about three delicate operations. Starnes asserts that Trudeau **•** Approved a counterintelligence operation aimed—according to CBC-TV news—at French diplomats suspected of fanning Quebec separatist groups. Starnes recalls telling Trudeau, "This is very

"I can't remember saying that... 'Don't ask me about that'—that's what I would have told Starnes."

—Pierre Trudeau.

risky; we may get caught," and adds, "His reply to me was, 'Mr. Starnes, if we get caught we'll have to disown any knowledge of it.'"

• Requested objections from Starnes about "sending an agent abroad" on a secret mission related—again according to the CBC—to the French diplomatic corps. Starnes said that when then vice-chief-general Jean-Pierre

Goyer gave him instructions about the foreign mission, "I put my objections in writing. I didn't think we had the capacity to do it." Goyer, Starnes adds, spoke to Trudeau and came back to tell Starnes "The prime minister said we should go ahead." Goyer, said Starnes, "gave instructions in other countries where we should do other things I was worried. In effect, they were proposing an offensive foreign operation."

• Agreed with Starnes's objections to a proposal that the service co-operate with the so-called Vidal Group, which operated an intelligence gathering network out of Trudeau's office aimed at Quebec labor and socialist groups (Maclean's, May 25). Trudeau ruled out Moscovite co-operation with Vidal.

Starnes never suggested that he thought the three cases involved illegalities. "I'm not a disbeliever in espionage at all,"

Trudeau's knowledge of service operations. In November, 1972, the PM told the Commons that he and his ministers "have removed ourselves from day-to-day operations of the Security Service." At a news conference Friday afternoon, dominated by the 1977 mystery, Trudeau avoided the 1977 statement, in light of Starnes's revelations.

Maclean's
Vol. 14 No. 24



"I don't think," he said, "there is a categorical fact that you can draw that we never had one day-to-day operation."

Evidence released by McDonald of previously secret Trudeau testimony reveals that under the War Measures Act he asked two of his ministers, Jean Marchand and General Pollock, to visit an 88 list of scores of suspects to be picked up. Trudeau readily rationalized at the time this way: "The thing in many instances knows less about separation in Quebec... than I do, than what General Pollock knows. I just know because, you know, for 20 years I have been hanging around [Quebec] and hearing people



Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte's body during FLQ crisis, right from wreckage?

about that—that's what I would have told Starnes." Trudeau was not asked about the Vidal Group. But the royal commission examined the matter and chose not to mention it in its report. Starnes told *Maclean's* that the Vidal Group wanted the service to supply information that would facilitate "political action in Quebec" in the early 1970s, a period that Trudeau rebuffed was rife with threats to national security. Says

Starnes: "I didn't want to have anything to do with that."

Trudeau chose to deflect the inquiry's detailed criticisms of his government's handling of the service—close, for example, having ordered a more intensive watch on separatists in Quebec. Trudeau later instructed the service not to spy on René Lévesque's Parti Québécois, and that ministers and cabinet officials "effectively insulated themselves

Lawrence rushed forth last week after the release of the report to accuse the commission of "a partial whitewash" and to suggest all a press conference that Judge McDonald and his two lawyer-associates had their eyes on promotion or elevation on the bench. Back at the Alberta Supreme Court in Edmonton last week, McDonald declined several interview requests, making no comments as his detractors. Nobody watching the news coverage clearly wrote the past four years, however, detailed any clarifications on the part of the commissioners to pursue proof wherever they could find it.

There is no doubt that before he became a judge McDonald kept his toes in Ottawa's squishy class. He got to know Orio Lang, later to become justice minister in Pierre Trudeau's cabinet, when the two were Rhodes Scholars at Oxford in the mid-1960s. As a lecturer at the law school, McDonald was clearly taught evidence in, among others, James Cowie, later a Liberal candidate in Alberta and principal secretary to Trudeau before his unsuccessful bid for a Toronto seat in last month's by-election. "The Cowie crowd," McDonald once observed, "were good guys."

McDonald's own plunge into the fray came in 1958 when, during the John Diefenbaker landslide, he served as a Liberal scrutineer. From 1968 to 1969 he was president of the provincial Liberal party, with a bias for policy over politics. In 1972, when Trudeau made an official visit to Ghana, McDonald paid his own way and filed accounts back to

from knowledge of how the Security Service was, in fact, dealing with this problem on a day-by-day basis." Trudeau observed that the report "cleared the government of any wrongdoing or cover-up, and that's satisfactory for me." One Security Service officer observed, "That is the point: there was an abdication of responsibility." Indirectly, the government acknowledged the error of its ways by embracing a key commission suggestion for a separate, civilian service outside the RCMP and named its new boss (see page 26) the same day that it released the report of the inquiry. Starnes was appointed as the first civilian head of the service in 1979 after the government rejected the recommendation of a 1968 security report urging a separate civilian service.

"The government also attempted to control the media when Minister General Robert Lacombe showed a press conference only three hours after the 1,261 pages of the report—and 28 volumes of its annexes—were released. Several reporters in turned to an unattended room after the press conference and discovered that their marked copies of reports and transcripts had been removed."

The *Leedsbridge Herald*, an justice minister, Lang promoted McDonald's name for a judgeship, but twice the bar association turned the bid down on grounds of inexperience. In 1974, Lang put his bet on McDonald, then 41, became a judge. Three years later, when Côté was canvassing candidates on Trudeau's behalf for the RCMP inquiry, he turned to McDonald—as part because he is a bilingual voracious

reader, as an Alberta lawyer notes that McDonald exhibits an "obsession" covered with civilised good manners" and that he is "almost chippy about his approach to powerful people." At the height of one of his many battles with Trudeau's lawyers over the production of relevant papers, McDonald allowed to one friend that he suspected a government stall tactic was under way. During the hearings, when Trudeau often tried to give certain evidence its sense, McDonald would be the first to rule that if Trudeau wouldn't come back for an open session, he couldn't be heard at all.

Gay Gilbert's emergence as a commissioner illustrates the past profession and renders two that characterize the royal commission. When Gilbert was a young lawyer, his patron was influential Montreal attorney Louis-Philippe de Grandpré, later a judge—now retired—of the Supreme Court of Canada. Another of Grandpré's pupils at the firm who is promoting the inquiry is Francis Fox, QC. When Fox, as solicitor-general, was pondering possible candidates for the



Rickard, McDonald and Gilbert. Little wonder the chairman drew his stick

commission, de Grandpré unhesitatingly suggested Gilbert. In addition to keeping his head in a thriving Montreal practice during the probe, Gilbert also continued contributing to the election campaign of his old Government friend, Energy Minister Marc Lalonde. When allegations about Lalonde were heard in camera—subsequently dismissed by the inquiry—Gilbert disavowed himself on the basis of his conflict of interest.

At hearings, Gilbert came on as a Rocket Richard among staid Maple Leafs played by his two colleagues. He asked the Joe Luppulph questions about who did what to whom. With no desire for public panics, he was reproached as suspicious by demanding of the witness "Do you know what you are talking about? You're giving a veiled answer."

Donald Rickard, also a stockist at Ontario's Rotary scholarship when McDonald and Lang were there, is president of the Deser Canadian Foundation. Though he has no visible political affiliation, he first met Fox years ago when the two attended an international student seminar abroad. Fox also served on the Deser board before becoming a cabinet minister.

Rickard was plotting in his questioning but inevitably ended with a sub-

tle threat: When, for example, security service director John Starnes insisted that he never knew about Cathedral C (read opening), Rickard noted the code names for external examination of letters (Cathedral A and B) and wondered why Starnes apparently assumed "that the alphabet didn't go any lower than Z."

For all their connections to politicians, the three commissioners arrived on the national scene as outsiders in the Ottawa process. They are products of early years spent in small-town Canada of the 1940s: McDonald was born in Prince Albert, Sask., Rickard in Smiths Falls, Ont., Gilbert in Alton, Que. In the life of the commission they appeared to have their eyes opened. "Before I started on this," notes McDonald, "I wouldn't have known what to say." On the other hand, McDonald has never been at a loss for words. When he was invited to tip his hat with the Queen in 1976, he skipped this usual protocol and asked if Her Majesty actually put personal ink to all the documents that bear her signature. No. The Queen replied, but she reads all of them. In light of what McDonald and his colleagues heard in the past four years, it might have been a prudent piece of her Canadian policy counselling.



Trudeau on this one, and what at that?

talk and teaching at university and meeting students and so on, and I knew a lot of the names of these people." The two ministers cut down the list of 300 names, says Trudeau, "because there were a lot who were leadmouths or big talkers, but, you know, we knew them well enough to say, 'Don't waste your time chasing them up—you will create martyrs of them.'"

Trudeau, appearing somber and tense at last week's news conference and without the customary new tie in his lapel, refused to discuss Starnes's first two charges. Asked if he had warned Starnes that the government would keep any knowledge of the one action if it became public, he replied: "I can't remember saying that.... I don't ask me



cludes the report, "did not explain how information about a person's apartment, telephone, or associations was to be available if the Security Service could not systematically collect such information." In the commission's view the maze should never have arisen since "we believe that democratically elected representatives should be regarded as a security problem."

On the other side of the coin, the McDonald commission found that nothing the government did—or did not do—justified dissent activity by the Security Service. The extent of abuse against the dissidents, in effect, violated its very own motto, *Ministry is free* ("Uphold the right"). The commission concluded that force members knowingly and systematically broke laws. Among delinquents named in three volumes of the report—approved by the commissioners—were findings about individual cases that may result in prosecutions or disciplinary action against as many as 300 *Muscovites* (page 38).

In what "might well be the most seri-

"One set of espionage drills with investigative techniques and Security Service rules was used with foreign sources over and over the same well-worn facts that if revealed might prove our fate."

The man who blew the whistle

The shrouding of the picture-post-card *Muscovite* all began when former corporal Jack Ramsey displayed an act of courage unlike any for which he had been trained. On June 6, 1971, after 14 years with the force, he resigned, and a year later, in a 14-page article in *Maclean's*, he delivered the most damning indictment of the RCMP ever made by anyone. In strong, straightforward words, Ramsey ripped apart the image Canadians had held of the famed scarlet tunic and replaced it with tales of 19th-century morality, crushing words, rule by fear, a high incidence of alcoholism and sexual abuse, an obsession on politeness and niceness rather than pursuing ideals and instances of dedication to the force above all else—even above the interests of Canada and its people. Last week Ramsey felt both vindicated and targeted. I never believed McDonald would get to the innermost secrets of the RCMP, he told *Maclean's*. "But he got to the truth."

As Ramsey privately told a McDonald commission investigator in 1978, there were two fundamental aspects about the RCMP's operations that had to be uncovered. First, that it placed ex-



Kaplan orchestrating the media

cess change," the commission concluded. "The essence threat which we have detected issuing through these incidents is that of a willingness on the part of members of the RCMP to deceive those outside the force who have some sort of constitutional authority or jurisdiction over them or their activities." The report rapped the force for introductory training that "exposed its members in an ethical area to that found in a monastery or a religious order." The result is "a dangerous barrier" that "generates an attitude of mind that tolerates acts in the public interest that would be con-

sidered above the law ("members join the force with a high sense of integrity and they become stiff-necked"). Second, the leadership of the new bold democracy is contempt ("they fear and de-



Highway in 1972: at last he can rest

sider the democratic process"). Ramsey says that Canadians must now recognize that the same "pseudo-square morality" that makes the RCMP unfit to handle national security also makes it unfit to handle any other responsibility.

lawful in other circumstances.

The commission rebuked the *Muscovite* producers for plausible deniability, not telling ministers of "questionable activity" so that "if asked, the minister could deny any knowledge." One of the other "misguided notions" was that the misleading of politicians would reduce the chance of revelations that could "inflict damage to the good reputation of the force"—a concern *Muscovite* placed above "any need for candor, truth and forthrightness."

For outsiders, it was no surprise to the professional strata—one of the most startling disclosures was the extent and, above all, the nature of so little on individuals: more than 800,000 documents related to labor and native Indian leaders, students and civil servants, citizens who have visited the Soviet Union and its satellites, businessmen and stars. A senior *Muscovite* intelligence agent argues that, unlike criminal investigations that begin only when there are grounds to suspect iniquity, "a security service must hold files without prejudice" against the day that any or subversion is reported. "There's an awful danger," he cautions, if the information is improperly handled.

The commission left no doubt about the potential for abuse, concluding that the files show "an anti-left bias" and "a

bias Furthermore, he criticizes Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan is "scurrying around in a panic" trying to downplay the report's obvious implications for the RCMP's continued role as a police force.

The only way to change the RCMP is to strip them of their authority and rebuild from the ground up. In Ramsey's mind the force will never regain what it had represented to him as a young boy growing up in Biggar, Sask.—a symbol of all that is right and good: honesty, integrity, courage, loyalty, dedication to the people it serves. "I love what the force could have been and I despise what it is. My kids will never know the force that I knew. It makes me want to cry."

The step Ramsey took nine years ago has not left him deeply. Now 47, he has moved from Regina to Yellowknife in Northwest, Alta., working at anything from amassing native bands to driving a road grader to support a family that has supported him all the way. He figures he has lost two jobs because of RCMP interference. Today he lives with his wife and four children in a four-bedroom bungalow 96 km southeast of Edmonton, employed as a consultant to a friend at the Samson Indian reserve. Was it worth it? "I couldn't have slept if I hadn't done it," says Ramsey. "And now I can lay down my arms. I know the McDonald commission has done its job."

—Gordon Lusk

Good taste is why you buy it.

Ballantine's



tendency towards the worst kind of "guilt by association." As an example, the report revealed that a file was opened on one man before his election as an MP and that "several years later the continuance of the file was justified in part by the fact that he was appointed 'junior-most' policies." The file on another MP noted that he was "anti-semitic and anti-gay." Yet a third MP's dossier was begun, because, during an interview with the Security Service about another person who was applying for a federal job, the MP was "suspicious, effusive and abrupt." Not surprisingly the committee concluded, "Such files should be destroyed." Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan agreed with the suggestion, but wasn't sure how—or when—it could be done.



Borey (above), Lamer, soldier guarding downtown City Hall during October Crisis; a security file like a "Who's Who?"

In addition to investigating the Communist Party of Canada, the RCMP also kept a close eye on others in the mainstream. The so-called Waffle movement within the New Democratic Party, led by University of Toronto economist Mel Watkins, was investigated in the early 1970s because the Security Service was convinced that "Trotskyists and Communists" were joining the cause. An internal RCMP report stated, "Because of its socialist nature, the NDC has always attracted subversive and radical elements in society." Surprisingly, the service also sent a memo on the Waffle to their solicitor-general, Goyer, although the note acknowledged the "doctrinal position of the government" as matters relating to another political

party—in fact the Waffle, which aimed to push the NDP into supporting an independent, socialist Canada, was routed by party leaders, including present leader Ed Broadbent. Last week Broadbent agreed with commission criticism of the surveillance, noting, "The Waffle members are innocent." James Lamer, a York University political scientist and co-founder of the Waffle, raised a more general concern about the older file. "Will people whose rights were infringed upon feel out if they were victimized?" Alvin Borey of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association observed cryptically, "With 800,000 names, it would be like the security list and more like a Who's Who."

Other political targets of the Security Service included the Quebec Liberals under former premier Robert Bourassa

and even Pierre Trudeau's own cabinet. An unpaid Meaurio source "provided information about the marital problems of two ministers, suspicions entertained by some ministers that the RCMP was directing a plot against the government, and proceedings in the Liberal caucus."

Goyer has always suspected the Meaurios kept a watch on his personal life when he was a minister. At one point he volunteered in the service that his marriage had broken down and that he was seeing another woman. One day Goyer noticed that a notebook left on the seat of the car by his Meaurio driver contained a list of the minister's meetings and gaffes. As for suspicion that the force was trying to embarrass the government, Jean Marchand asked what in 1975 the Meaurios leaked word



that they were investigating his in connection with the Sky Ship's aerial harassment around the force of becoming a law unto itself. Ministers have also quietly wondered about a series of damaging stories that have been a long time in coming—general responsibility for the 1970s Airlanded for travelling on a government plane to Bermuda with friends, Goyer for a U.S. trip with a woman, and Francis Fox for signing an abortion form for a friend. There also have been testicles, but unconfirmed, reports that in the so-called Featherbed Affair the Meaurios gathered information on Trudeau's personal life as a bachelor in Montreal.

McDonald did not address these subversive tensions which have marred relations between ministers and Meaurios throughout the years studied by the probe. He therefore did not address the intriguing possibility that, in establish-

ing the legal mission, the government actually set in motion a Machiavellian process to put the Meaurios back in their place. On the basis of the available evidence, that scenario seems improbable. In painstaking detail, the commission documents the systematic co-opting by Meaurios of their participation in a clandestine raid in 1972 against left-wing groups in Montreal, including the Agence de Presse Libre de Québec (APLQ). Subsequently, two dismissed in operation, Donald McLeery and Gilles Brunet, suspecting the Meaurios were misleading the government about widespread abuses, told Ottawa about a barn burning by Meaurios, "numerous thefts of documents" and, according to the notes of one senior Justice official, "participation and assistance in the C.I.A. offensive activities in Canada"—presumably a mysterious explosion and fire at the Cuban trade cen-



APLQ writer with alleged RCMP bug

problem, but rather "had the opportunity to develop the small liberal view which are associated with the kind of education I have. I can never claim to have been subject to harassment or infringement of my civil liberties."



Spy-master Gibson personally blind

Indeed, Gibson has had very little to do with the RCMP or policing during his professional life, part of the reason he was chosen for the job was his neutrality. Gibson says his only exposure to radical politics came during the 1960s when he was on the board of governors of Carleton University—not, he notes, a hotbed of dissent. However, he did meet with some student leaders at the time,

and, during this "interesting and fertile" period, he developed "a certain sympathy for the dissenters, the police find themselves in a great deal of sympathy of them." He watched revelations of Meaurio misdeeds during the 1970s as an interested citizen and, largely, "reserved judgement."

Gibson, balding, with a neat grey beard and stern frown, cultivated a low profile during his years as Justice and developed considerable expertise as a legal draftsman—a calling that requires broad talent in the law and an ability to communicate clearly. Despite occasional lapses into 19-20 word sentences, Gibson possesses both the skills along with the political savvy vital to any ambitious civil servant. One of his first jobs as head of a transaction task force will be to attract outsiders who possess the same "small-political awareness" to the new Security Intelligence Agency (SIA).

Members of the SIA will be expected to protect the state from internal or external subversion without breaking the law themselves or trampling on civil liberties. Because the SIA speaks with a police voice, they will not have the rights of police officers—notably the right to arrest or to break the law in certain circumstances. That means certain delicate operations will be double-teamered, so that if, for instance, an SIA operative wants to tap a telephone, he or she will bring along a policeman, and the entire operation will need top-level clearance. How the Meaurios will like this arrangement and whether the SIA will be able to do its job without routinely breaking laws are two of the first questions the House of Commons will ask. Says the new spy archon: "Neither we nor the police live in a black-and-white world." —SERAN BERRY

PHOTOS BY CARL BRUNCA



Crash HQ: where was the big dog?

Plane) and Robinson-Shackleton Printing & Publishing (*The Daily News*).

Andrew Crook's grandfather Sir John Crook made a fortune in fish and marine insurance but was humbled by the 1989 crash. Andrew's father, broadcaster Chris Crook (*News*) for refusing to sign Newfoundland's 1980 Terms of Union with Canada) made millions and lost them again. For Andrew Crook, perhaps one minor bankruptcy, another of respectable men and a voluntary liquidation do not a collapse make, but whether he can break the family pattern is currently the hottest topic of Water Street debate.

—BARBARA JOYCE

Western Canada

An urge to merge

Hardened by the icy isolation of being a Liberal in the political wasteland of Western Canada, it was an understandably intense band of Grits that gathered in Regina last week. As though they were comforted by one another's presence, they barely made an abrupt break from tradition for such gatherings. Instead of blaring an uncaring federal government for the waffling state of the Liberal party is the four western provinces—where the party has a total of two MPs and one provincial MLA—the leaders unloaded on the provinces. One after the other they took turns lambasting the four premiers from the West for their "politics of conservatism" and turned them on the cuspids for the sorry state of federal-provincial relations.

The four were Shirley McLaughlin from BC, Alberta's Neil Taylor, Saskatchewan's Ralph Goodale and Manitoba's Doug Lacombe—and McLaughlin led the charge. "The cause of division in this country is not the federal government," she said sternly at the close of two days of private talks. "It is the four western provinces who are 99 per cent responsible for the disintegration in this country." With Employment and Immigration Minister Lloyd Axworthy, Wheat Board Minister Hasee Arnes and government Senate leader Ray Perrault, meeting in the background, the provincial leaders and party reps Ron Veale of the Yukon and David Sauter of the Northwest Territories said the conference proved it is possible to sit down and talk freely with the federal government. Using the re-

centennial National Energy Program's objectives—a move that is not likely to steal the hearts of voters in the West. Nor can the provincial leaders expect a quorum of support for their decision to stay short of condemning Ottawa's interest-rate monetary policy. Although they agreed meaningful help was needed, they preferred to blunt the provinces for not offering mortgage assistance and debt relief for homeowners.

What did win approval was Taylor's idea of a split interest rate. The theory calls for two rate levels, one applied to a "social" pool of money for homeowners and a second at competitive interest levels for big business and industry. "To tell Imperial Oil and someone who is trying to buy a mortgage to compete for money is nonsense," said Taylor. But how do you get the banks to



Western Liberal leaders Lacombe, McLaughlin, Taylor and Goodale: one after another, they took turns at lambasting the premiers for conservatism politics

cent premiers' conference in Victoria as a window on the provinces' policies of Ottawa-bashing, the leaders said they can disagree with the feds on some issues but still co-operate for the good of the country. Taylor, veteran of the group as Alberta leader since 1974, while the other three are first-year rookies, summed up the sentiments well. "Grits don't make, firms don't lay, so what do you do?" Blame Ottawa, of course.

The meeting was actually a get-together for the leaders, the idea springing from a brief talk Goodale, Lacombe and McLaughlin had at a June convention when Goodale was acclaimed the Saskatchewan leader. When they did get around to matters, the group was unanimous in support of the

agree? Single, explained Taylor. "You threaten to bring back Walter Gordon."

What effect the policy suggestions will have on the federal government remains to be seen, but Axworthy and Arnes both pledged to press the western Liberal case in the flurry of cabinet meetings leading up to the fall budget. Able to add their voices to the case will be national Liberal President Norman MacLeod, Trudeau's special assistant Joyce Fairbairn and western caucus Chairman Bob Rockwell who sat in on last week's talks. Meanwhile, the four leaders were so buoyed by the meeting they drew from one another that they plan to hold similar meetings at no more than six-month intervals.

—DALE ESKER

WORLD

Incursion into Angola

South Africa's deep thrust earns hard words in the Security Council



South African troops landed before last-SAPAFD operations: questioning charges

By Caryl Murphy

I looked on if the sampans had left in haste. There was a half-filled bottle of vodka and an abandoned pair of baby shoes. The South African troops who showed a group of foreign correspondents the house situated in the tiny Angolan town of Xangongo, claimed that, until hours before they attacked the centre last Monday, 27 Soviet advisers, including seven women, lived there. But hundreds of Angolan government troops garrisoned in Xangongo did not flee, fighting a pitched battle with the invading South African troops on the final day of "Operation Protea."

By the end of the week, South African officials said 439 people had been killed in the five-day operation, 60 per cent of them Angolan soldiers who had "interfered with" their assault on the logistical headquarters of the South West African People's Organisation (SWAPO). Only 10 South African soldiers were lost, they claimed, in an assault involving an estimated 4,500 troops, Mirage jets, helicopters and low-flying bombers. Dedicated Brig-Gen Rudolf Dabendorst, "I think we have broken the back of SWAPO." As for the Angolans, "if they stand in our way, they must face the consequences."

That view contrasted sharply with the expressions of outrage heard at an



South African troops return from combat with seized weapons, and (below left) Apartheid: a question of context



views of the other four members of the five-nation "contact" group—Britain, France, West Germany and Canada—which is to meet again shortly to seek some way of loosening South Africa's grip on Namibia, deemed "illegit" by the UN as many as 10 years ago.

The 150-km deep incursion was one of South Africa's largest military operations since its ill-starred involvement in Angola's 1975 civil war when its troops almost reached the Angolan capital, Luanda. And it may mark a turning



cratic Turnhalle Alliance, the multi-racial party founded by Pretoria, which controls the local government. But they do not remove South Africa's control of constitutional, security and foreign affairs.

As the U.S. prepares to send new proposals for a peace plan between South Africa and Angola this week, the United Nations General Assembly will hold a previously scheduled special session to discuss South Africa's Angolan escapade. But at the moment, neither American persuasion nor UN condemnation appear able to dissuade South Africa from Namibia.

Egypt

A climate to Begin's liking

On the sweltering beaches of the Gharbiya, thousands of Egyptian holidaymakers last week lay jammed under a solid canopy of multicolored umbrellas, eating the whole-sized local shrimp and worshipping the Mediterranean. Not far away, in the modern sandstone villa in the grounds of the Mafrouza Palace, Egypt's president, Anwar Sadat, had roostered five toddling grandchildren as well as his three daughters and wife, Jehan, to greet Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin.

It was all unexpectedly domesticated and relaxed. The summertime set in

multicolored basket chairs in the Almosa- driven evening-hot and humid despite the Mediterranean breeze—and the main records were reached in that first 30°C-40°C. There seems to have been little to argue about. Sadat, inspired no doubt by his U.S. public-relations triumph in July, was contending to play the good guy. Indeed, Begin could hardly have asked for a better warm-up for his trip to Washington next week. He will now be able to play the statesman rather than the demagogue, parrying Reagan's aspersions for "maverick" action on autonomy by pointing out that talks with Egypt are to resume shortly and bargaining his way among the two other salient issues. For the record, Begin will persist in his opposition to the U.S. sale of five AWACS surveillance aircraft to Saudi Arabia but is being advised to do so in the Oval Office rather than by a direct appeal over Reagan's head to Congress, which began to debate the sale on the day of his arrival. On next year's aid package, he will probably open the bidding by asking for \$2.5 billion to \$3 billion, in the hope of keeping the Assembly hard-pressed Reagan administration to the current \$2.2 billion figure. He may also launch another attempt to get the Syrian missiles removed from Lebanon's Bekaa Valley through the good offices of special U.S. envoy Philip Habib.

The AWACS apart, Begin will probably get his way, though some of his hosts were in a less than receptive mood last week. The Americans were caught on the hop by the announcement setting Cairo and Sept. 25 to the place and date.

Begin and Sadat could have a chance to play statesmen, not demagogue



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for the new autonomy talks, and state department officials are angry that their chief, Alexander Haig, will be unable to attend—he will be meeting other foreign ministers in New York for the 10th General Assembly session. "The most we can hope for," said one U.S. diplomat, "is that Reagan will get another lesson in the complexities of the Middle East. His education has a long way to go."

So back to the Egyptian-Israeli autonomy talks. All the unpleasant, political questions remain: will an elected Palestinian council for the occupied West Bank and Gaza strip have legislative or merely administrative powers? Will Israel have a right to interfere if the council declares its independence? Who will control development land and water resources? How much freedom of operation will the Israeli garrison retain? Will the 100,000 East Jerusalem Arabs have a vote for the council even though they were annexed to Israel after the 1967 war?

The answers, or the lack of them, will determine whether autonomy is a stage on the road to Palestinian independence or to an Israeli protectorate. Only then will it be clear whether the Alexander Haig summit was a breakthrough or merely an excuse to join the halcyon makers by the sea.

—ERIC STEIN

With Alex from William Leather in Washington.

From Russia, with smiles

Nikolai Fyurkin is the highest-ranking Soviet official to visit Pakistan since the invasion of neighboring Afghanistan 20 months ago. But state where is the deputy foreign minister, "together with the entire senior leadership," he said in a speech, "are warmly received for peace negotiations." Eastern bloc diplomats were amazed at Fyurkin's reception by Gen Zia ul-Haq's military government last week. One commented privately, "James Buckley [U.S. undersecretary for security assistance], in his rapid if not accurate, but was not fazed like this in July."

The reason for Pakistan's eagerness to flatter was that Fyurkin was expected to sketch a revised face to the table—the words of a senior Western diplomat in Islamabad—and Pakistan has been seeking to offer Moscow on the Afghan issue. At the same time, a \$3-billion (U.S.) arms-and-aid package has not yet been finally sealed by the United States. So there was extra reason for caution.

However, Fyurkin's three days of talks with a Pakistani team led by For-

Geneva

Eyeball to eyeball

Was the treaty official and leading for harbor, or was it sinking fast after a Reagan blockade? There was no shortage of apt metaphors as the latest session of the Law of the Sea talks drew to a close in Geneva at week's end. No one was prepared to bet on the outcome, after one of the most dramatic sessions since negotiations began in Geneva back in 1972.

The massive sea treaty represents a cold battle between the demands of coastal states and the need to maintain freedom of navigation. It also establishes an international "authority" and an array of subsidiary bodies to regulate deep-sea mining. But the talks had been thrown into confusion last March by President Ronald Reagan's decision to "review" the treaty, many of whose key provisions had been negotiated by Henry Kissinger and former president Richard Nixon's attorney-general, Elliot Richardson. And despite two on-line indicators of its relevance—the recent clash between Libya and U.S. fighters and the upcoming hearing at the International Court of Justice of Canada's old dispute with the U.S. over Georges Bank—the Geneva session



Designed mining device, stalled

ended with the Third World and the U.S. eyeball to eyeball. The Americans would give no promises—either to attend the wrap-up session in New York next month or the formal signing of the treaty, set for Geneva next September. The Third World seemed determined to forge ahead. "We intend to bring this conference to a successful close next spring," said Chairman Tommy Koh of Singapore.

Many delegates felt the treaty would be crippled if the U.S. abstained apart from anything else, the cost of establishing the deep-sea mining authority is put at anything up to \$1.6 billion (U.S.).

But were tempted by a suggestion from Kabul for talks involving Washington and Moscow.

This stand reassured Western diplomats. But how much longer a nervous Pakistan will remain resolute will depend, among other things, on the speed with which Washington provides \$10 billion for Zia's badly equipped air forces. As Fyurkin flew out, in came Peter McMahon, U.S. ambassador to Pakistan, to discuss the economic package. At week's end he was followed by James Kirkpatrick, U.S. ambassador in the Caribbean. She was the first Republican of cabinet rank to visit the country and, among other things, diplomats were interested to compare her reception with that accorded Fyurkin.

—PETER NUGENT AND

Zia and Fyurkin: the mailed fist wasn't pounded on the table



But they were simply not prepared to set aside eight years of hard slog to meet Reagan's fear that the treaty embodied such firm principles as "world government" and "early U.S. access to the minerals."

Whether the U.S. can go it alone may depend on how other Western countries line up. West Germany, which shared U.S. doubts about the deep-sea mining authority, has been wooed away by a conference decision to give it one of the subsidiary mining watching bodies. Britain, too, appears to be distancing itself from the Americans—partly because, holding the current European Community presidency, it has come under pressure from the Danes, Irish and Dutch, who all want a treaty, and

Reagan's worried group of Councilors



partly because the treaty confirms its stance on North Sea oil.

So no country stands to lose as much as Canada, whose delegates were offered to find themselves lumped together by Reagan with Korea and Zimbabwe as "unreliable" mineral producers. The treaty gives Canada one of its vital environmental shield far beyond 200 miles and also allows her to take tough action against pollution threats. Canada has an agreement for a ceding on the production of seabed minerals, so as to protect the country's land-based nickel industry. And one effect of a compromise reached last week on maritime boundaries could be to favor those, like Canada, that advocate drawing a median line out to sea. Delegates had Alan Bonney, simultaneously, was silent when other countries confirmed Libyan leader Muammar Khadaffi's claim to the Gulf of Sirte. The notion that Reagan might send a fleet to test ambiguous claims stunned the Canadians, particularly since a peaceful alternative exists in the sea law treaty. It was, in short, a worried group that left for Ottawa, well aware not just that Canada loses out if the treaty collapses but that it will face an angry, isolated Reagan, determined to challenge the treaty if, as seems probable, the talks continue without the United States.

—JAIN GUPTA

U.S.A.

For Reagan, the unkindest cut of all

More spending cuts, including defence, are in store



Washington (right) and Smith on their way to see Reagan. And more

By William Leather

Looking toward, robust and relaxed, President Ronald Reagan took an hour out from cutting through and clearing brush on vacation at his luxurious California ranch last week to hear the bad news from his sad-faced budget director, David Stockman. It takes a lot of time to drag Reagan away from his trust horses back to the harshest of state. The week before, after waiting six hours before bothering him with news of the Libya fighter incident. Last week they waited 10 hours, until after breakfast, to tell him that North Korea had fired a missile at an American plane. So the Stockman must-

ing had to be serious. In the event it was. After shuffling the figures for months, Stockman finally had to admit that there was no way Reagan could continue with his multi-billion-dollar military buildup and hope to keep his election promise to balance the federal budget by 1984.

Something had to give—and it did. By week's end the president's totes were becoming apparent: ever deeper cuts in 1982 social programs—\$200 million (U.S.) from energy assistance to the poor, said Stockman, a further \$3 billion from the already heavily pruned education aid in ghetto and inner-city chil-

Stockman's key phrase: breakfast first





Stockman: something had to give

dren, claimed New York Democratic Congressman Peter Poyser. Stockman was also prepared to concede that Reagan would be asking Congress to cut another \$600 million in railroad programs, \$665 million in direct loans by the Export-Import Bank and \$300 million for the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act.

In the next few weeks further cuts will be announced from every department, including defense. But it was clear that Pentagon spending, the reason for Reagan's budget balancing problems, was proving the hardest cut of all to make. After seeing Stockman for four hours with Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and presidential adviser Edwin Meese. On emerging, they refused even to speculate on how much would be cut except in one area. Far from leniently, Reagan was also considering last week the future of the 80 missile. Former president Jimmy Carter planned to build 220 missiles and to lease them in 4,000 sites in Nevada and Utah. Instead, Reagan ordered Stockman and Weinberger to work out a compromise. Their idea, likely to be accepted by Reagan, is to build only 100 missiles and 1,000 sites, all in Nevada.

If the six is likely to be the first, it will not be the last military cut that Reagan will have to make, and he started to prepare the ground by having his spokesman, Larry Spokes, describe the administration's hitherto sacrosanct commitment to increases of up to seven per cent a year for five consecutive years to only a target. Indeed, Pentagon sources predict that over the next few months the army will be told to cut orders for the new M1 tank, while benefit increases for soldiers, aimed at attracting more recruits, will be lowered. The navy will be asked to order fewer fighters and to lullard very closely at its commitment to the F-15 (the plane that Canada is buying). It also will be told that it is to have fewer ships. <

The spy who loved falcons

Christopher John Boyce, the spy who loved falcons, sat silent and staring in his Everett, Wash., courtly jail cell as counterintelligence agents followed up a lead that had him making frequent trips to Canada in the 10 months between his escape from a California prison and escape last week. Boyce was on the point of getting a pilot's license, which, if it was not, primarily, might have been used as part of a marauder plot that could have taken him north into British Columbia to live in a wilderness area near one of the last

flying school where Boyce did his pilot's training, said there was a great deal of small plane traffic to D.C. and he would have had "no trouble slipping in." An agent with the secret liaison office in Washington, D.C., confirmed that Canadian police had been asked to watch out for Boyce when he was on the run.

At week's end, however, John Tenny, deputy director of the U.S. Marshall's Service, which is officially in charge of the investigation, would say only that it was known that Boyce had left the country on several occasions. He refused to give details because of the ongoing search for accomplices. The Marshall's service is also investigating the possibility that Boyce may have been involved in as many as 16 bank robberies in order to support himself.



Boyce in police custody, may have intended to hide in Canada

major herding grounds of the peregrine falcons he loved to watch.

"It's something that is being checked out, he might have been planning to fly a small plane into one of Canada's northern wilderness areas," said the source. "It's well known that he was an expert in the sport of falconry; the birds were something of a drug to him. He has told us that he intended to leave Washington as soon as he had his license. There are more peregrines in British Columbia, and it's logical that he would move up there."

It would also have been easy enough. Valerie Steinberg, an instructor at Pearson Aircraft, the Port Angeles, Wash.,

flyer school where Boyce did his pilot's training, said there was a great deal of small plane traffic to D.C. and he would have had "no trouble slipping in." An agent with the secret liaison office in Washington, D.C., confirmed that Canadian police had been asked to watch out for Boyce when he was on the run. At week's end, however, John Tenny, deputy director of the U.S. Marshall's Service, which is officially in charge of the investigation, would say only that it was known that Boyce had left the country on several occasions. He refused to give details because of the ongoing search for accomplices. The Marshall's service is also investigating the possibility that Boyce may have been involved in as many as 16 bank robberies in order to support himself.

—W.L.

BUSINESS

Applying the heat

High-tech industries face Japanese threat

By Anthony Whittingham

At 9:00 metres, the view is remarkably clear. Off to the left, his eye can follow the horizon line where the rolling brown foothills of the Ottawa Valley suddenly rear up to form the granite breastplate of the Canadian Shield rolling away into the northwest. Here, perched on the ridge, Michael Tatham, 44, in a suit, both hands firmly in control of the most sophisticated piece of airplane technology a quarter of a million can buy—heading south this week to add another outlet to this peculiar fusion between his airy long-range brainstorming and high-precision engineering skills.

The work of Tatham's company, Tatham Technologies Corp., appears so ordinary that it is hard at first to grasp its significance, much less appreciate its special role in the current struggle for dominance in industrial North America. Yet the opening this week of its fourth office at Ross House, Pa., joining Boston, Ottawa and the head office in Toronto, underlines the company's growing momentum. The Tatham company teaches soldering, the semiconducting job of assembling electronic components; employees more than 30,000 workers in the electronics and high-technology industries of Canada and the United States. The Tatham course guided its first significant workload last year with Ottawa's Intel Corp., rising after winning Canadian high technology firms.

By last week, Tatham had agreed to build eight plants worldwide and to a dozen new clients, with several dozen more expected during 1981. From expected revenues of \$9 million this year, Tatham is projecting fivefold growth by 1985.

While upgrading the skills of solder technicians is a valid and necessary task in its own right—saving millions of dollars currently lost by poor-quality assembly and endless workmanship—Tatham's broader goal is to alter entire management structures to achieve a deeper and more fundamental improvement in product quality and employee morale. "What Tatham is doing is unique," says Robert Lang, co-director of the Ottawa-based Canadian American Technology Association, whose 108 or so company members represent the flower of Canada's established, and fledgling, high-technology



Tatham: management killing industries

industry. "He is focusing it on a particular, but ubiquitous, aspect of our industry, and using it as an entrée to introduce new concepts and a whole new philosophy about management attitudes and worker co-operation."

It's an approach Tatham himself says he developed while studying engineering at Royal Military College. "I have never understood why managers of electronics firms don't seem to real-

ize the old rigid and authoritarian management structures are killing our industries." What has subtly intimidated Tatham into prominence within the past year is the new obsession, particularly in the U.S., with rebuilding North American industries to meet the demanding competition from Japan. This year's new "bibles" within academic and enlightened corporate circles—especially *The Art of Japanese Management* by Pincus and Aitken and *Factor 2* by William Ouchi—are proposing primarily the complete and essential approaches to management and production systems that Tatham employs. Tatham doesn't sweep in like a consultant offering vague recommendations to be implemented from the top down, though he wants the first company employees to take the course are always the chief executive and other senior officers, to give them a grasp of problems at the shop-floor level.

The Tatham approach represents the cutting edge of contemporary management thinking in electronics and high technology. It's no coincidence that he has earned pretty "smart" money backing his venture: 40 per cent of Tatham Technologies is controlled by Rytec Management Corp., an Ottawa-based holding company owned by a small group of private investors led by its President, Michael Copeland and Toronto Associates Conrad and Moraga Black. So far, Tatham says, there isn't another training program like his in North America—a simple, teachable way of turning behavioral theory into practice for the business level while adding to the bottom line. It amounts to little short of "barely apt" business philosophy that could have a major impact on the future course of high technology from California to Canada. <

Soldering in Ottawa's Intel plant; management just applying the Japanese cost



Building in Ottawa's Intel plant; management just applying the Japanese cost

TEAR OUT JAPANESE PAGE- MENT

APPLICATIONS FOR
AMERICAN DECISIONS

DR. HARRY TANNER PASCULE
CO-EDITOR OF *Factor 2*
ANTHONY C. AITKEN
CO-EDITOR OF *The Art of Japanese Management*

Trapped in the mills

Justice can grind exceedingly fine when securities commissions pounce

By Roderick McQueen

A courtroom tale, this, wherein justice is more to be seen than actually done. On May 12, at 9:30 a.m., Arnold Agnew, late of the Toronto Dominion Bank, telephoned his stockbroker, one Barbara Danzke, late of Midland Valley Ltd. The conversation took no more than a minute, but the consequences reverberate still. Agnew, then TD's general manager, public affairs, known in advance, as he often did,

even late by resigning his bank job when he learned of the investigation the day following his one-minute call. As he was later to tell the cat of his slip of the lip, "One doesn't say these things." He further agreed not to trade in securities for six months.

It was the first public meeting in a high-profile and high-performance career. As editor-in-chief of *The Telegram*, he is universally remembered as an honest soldier who handled staff with care and compassion and at-

tempted to find jobs for many when the Toronto newspaper folded in 1971. After 30 years in the newspaper business in the U.S. and Canada, he joined the TD for 9½ years offering his savvy and sage advice to successive chairmen. He was a man of manners and morals, not one of those who comes equipped with rubber pockets to steal soap.

Mr. Danzke, who also chose to resign, began as a secretary, rising to sales manager for Western International Life after 30 years before switching careers in 1980. A quiver, she was sensitive and attractive. At McLeod, she earned the confidence of establishment cheats, peppering her conversations with stock talk, juggling techniques and tales of insider news. She brought a unique trait, the capacity to become co-opted to the staid investment world where violence is too often assumed to mean bluffness and evasion in many times mistaken for wisdom.

The cat, in a rising effective last month, found the McLeod staffers gail-

ty, giving three-day job suspensions to Danzke, James MacDonald and Donald Scott, her desk-mates, and a five-day suspension to her boss, William Seitz. While it is a worst slip compared to the lifetime suspensions possible, it is a verdict that's consistent with the actions taken during the past decade by the TSE and the TSE's regulators, which effectively set Canadian securities trading rules, have closed loopholes and slammed doors with cease-trading orders, take-over rulings and prohibition

of insider trading so that every member of the trading public can be on the same footing, with all information equally available.

Loadable, to be sure, but the fingers caught in this door were attached to human hands. For Agnew, who is never the close of his career than its start, the price he paid is higher than any debt could. Unemployed still, he suffered most yet had sought no personal gain. Is there no one else around who is equally or more guilty, or is today's justice little changed from medieval times? The bag this oven fry, the smaller each fry in a world where the public hearing has replaced the public hanging. The hypocrites, who do not see their own sin, gather to gauge their lips and gnash their back. The media, everyone's tongue, create instant notoriety that once could be obtained only by a costly hall of mirrors by making generations.

Rumor, Mark Twain said, is halfway around the world while truth is still getting on its shoes. Ironically, in the stock market world, where rumor is the staff of life, the securities rules to stamp out truth. At least, about truths known only to a few. Securities trading will be upgraded and the brokerage industry is on notice that any information from within a company—yes from the secretary who types an announcement—must be used. And a broker gets a hot tip from a good source, it's taboo. A rumor that runs about with its bones, however, is okay. It may be totally false, but not a little foolish. And to achieve this wonderful standard, for Agnew and the McLeod four, justice, we are told, was done. Well, wasn't it?



He Danzke, a 38-year-old broker, immediately contacted that slipped debit with something she'd overheard in a restaurant four days earlier when two men talked at the banks buying back their real estate operations. Her excitement infected her boss and two of the three colleagues who shared her desk. Before the market closed, about 30 minutes later, three of them had bought 3,200 shares for themselves and two clients. Total worth, some \$67,000. Possible profit, about \$18,000. Winches and dimes really, said a market where that day a total of \$105 million was traded.

Except for two things. The Toronto Stock Exchange (TSE) and its regulators were also aware of the pending announcement. Then, when the stock, which normally trades about 500 shares a day, surged at the close on orders from one firm, the TSE investigation unit was called in. The Agnew-Danzke link was established the next day, evidence gathered and a public hearing ordered by the Ontario Securities Commission (OSC), the first inquiry into registered representatives, as brokers are formally known, trading on insider knowledge.

The 36-year-old Agnew denied his



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Hard on the heels of *Margaret Trudeau's* first movie, *Kings and Queens*, Mrs. Trudeau is a round, at times disheveled matron from the people and the press. But the irrepressible Madame T, making a rare public appearance last week at the Montreal film festival as part of a contractual agreement to promote the book, was rephrased. "As I looked at myself on the screen, I could only think of how bad and how much thinner I was [four years ago] when we were filming this," she says. About her producer-director-cousin-in-law *Alaska Kram*, Trudeau allowed only that there was "a very tense relationship, we had lots of battles." Venturing out with her ex-boy-friend *Jim Johnson*, Trudeau attracted crowds in spite of the bad reviews. "It was nice to see that people still remember me and were as friendly," says she. Of her recent stint: "a no-hat spot on an Ottawa TV

talk show *Morning Magazine*, beginning next week—Maggie mmm. "Television is more the direction I see myself going in now." It's more consistent with my lifestyle."

New York Governor Hugh Carey's delayed honeymoon took them to Greece (the birthplace of his new wife, *Evangelina*) and Ireland (a preview of anything but politics). Although his richer half is a multi-millionaire, Carey is letting both the Greek and Irish governments pick up the lion's share of the blissful sojourn, prompting *The New York Times* to label the jaunt a "honeymoon." Since their April wedding, the Careys have courted a frenetic social pace, leading *Daily News* columnist *Jimmy Breslin*, a longtime close friend, to label the guy "Society Carey." Meanwhile, Carey's grasp of business has been so haphazard that key aide *Michael Det Guadine* resigned recently in disgust.

and Chief of Staff *Robert Marando* is rumored to follow. New York City Mayor *Ed Koch*, now running for reelection, is even joking about the value of an endorsement from his fellow Democrat. "Barry's a dad from Carey would be nice, not for its vote-getting power, but just for old time's sake."

In just three years singer-dancer *Shirley Devall*, 21, has moved from a barmaid's job in the northern Quebec town of Malartic to a Las Vegas nightclub booking because of her talent, determination, and a strong resemblance to the late *Marilyn Monroe*. "I had the idea of doing an imitation of Marilyn about eight months ago," says the former cabaret dancer, whose current tour of the

Trudeau with beau *Jim Johnson*; Devall as *Monroe* (below); the same figure



The Careys take "honeymoon" jaunt

Laurentian lodge circuit evinces to *Yogi* next month. "I realized that I had the same facial structure, the same height—36 1/2—66—and was about the same weight." Earning \$1,500 in wages and material to make three copies of *Monroe's* dress, Devall served outsiders at the fifth-annual film festival in Montreal last week. Audiences have to be content with the visual, however. Devall's heavy French accent precludes any further comments.

When *Johnson Thott*, editor of the Icelandic magazine *Chex*, announced recently that he had been asked to stage a conchuck due between former world chess champion *Bobby Fischer*, 38, and an Icelandic player, he drew skepticism from the professional community. *Arthor Ragnar*, a grand master



Chess champ *Fischer* (above); *Dunbar* and daughter *dumbfounded* by success

on the staff of the United States Chess Federation, says: "Get me chess organizing a game and another playing it. We have been hearing rumors for some months now that *Fischer* is planning a comeback. I know that he has recently stayed at the home of former Canadian grand master *Peter Bjornsen* in California. They had a few games of fast chess and *Fischer* was really fine. It is still the best there is but I doubt that he will play." We heard he was short of money," *Fischer*, who has been in seclusion since leaving the famed *Russian Rosh Spassky* in 1972, would. Thott's suggestion of playing Soviet defender and grand master *Victor Korchnoi* stays the editor. "He wants to play someone who isn't among the world's best."

"When I first moved to Tuktoyaktuk, 33 years ago, I could see whales from my bedroom window—it's all changed now," laments Arctic landowner and playwright *De Herbert T. Schwartz*, who plans to leave the modern town of 700 to the tourists as soon as he sells his home—a former Hudson's Bay Co. post built in 1907. Schwartz's "little piece of paradise" 329 acres above the Arctic Circle, which includes an acre of land bordered on three sides by water, the old store which was the first building in Tuk, a tourist lodge and a staff house, will not necessarily go to the highest bidder. "It should be a museum, not just for the tourists but for the native people there," says Schwartz, who hopes to interest an American or Canadian government agency or corporation. For now he is thinking about giving up life in Tuk in favor of a writing career and a new home. "I just want to move further north," he says.

"In the shy type I like to stay in the background," says 41-year-old *Leslie Dunbar* of Fredericton. But that's not easy now that Mrs. Dunbar's Daughters have become the biggest edible thing to hit the province since *Eddies*. It all began six years ago when Dunbar started making a few dozen doughnuts in "a small shack" at the outskirts of the city. Today the Dunbar company has a modern downtown bakery, 15 employees, and sells thousands of pies, suet and whole wheat doughnuts each week to supermarkets, restaurants and well-to-do citizens. "Dumbfounded" by her success, Mrs. D says: "The thing that amazes me is that people don't just buy one doughnut at a time. They buy five or 10." Though offers to open up franchises (it is in The Harton's) have been pouring in, and the Robin Hood Flour company is after the rights to produce



The Dunbar daughter's compound, the retiring Mrs. D, is keeping her recipe a secret

"In Aug. 12, 1971, The world commenced to pursue its rocky course like a confused dither. A bounding economy, crumbling societies and tense international relations use the order of the day." So began the issue of *Star Reader* and the *Peace Magazine*, the latest comic-book effort by Calgary's *Richard Cornely*, the 38-year-old creator of the recently deceased cult hero *Captain Cornely*. Overcoming his previous "satire, superstition and tragedy" about the publishing business, Cornely plans to debut the \$1.50 *Star Reader* in both Canada and the United States this month. His initial goal is to make some money—*Cornely* left him \$50,000 in the hole—but the devout Mormon also wants to make young people aware of their possibilities in the adult human community and the Communist conspiracy to take over the world because "Keds don't get a true picture from television and newspapers."

If you can't afford the \$18,000 *Levins Continental* custom-tailored by American designer *Bill Bliss*, and you can't round up \$10,000 for use of his original ensembles, there's no need to despair. For a mere \$14 anybody can bring home a one-pound box of designer candy—doughnuts with a twist—on the top of the chocolate. It's a sweet deal for the multimillionaire designer. Nevertheless, "Bliss never gets involved unless he thinks he can make a valid contribution," says a company spokesman. Besides giving his approval to a modern box with a brushed metal surface, Bliss's contribution has been restricted to vetoing rosette candies because the white color would clash with the dark chocolate and banning pastel cream fillings, claiming they "insult the chocolate." The candies are, in fact, too high-toned for the master *Condit* Bliss: "I'm a Snickers man myself."



"For those of us who use the elevator all the time, it was nothing special," bragged Vancouver Alderman *Steve North* after being trapped in the city hall's executive elevator along with three visiting officials from the U.S.S.R. Though they were quickly released, the elevator incident wasn't the first Canadian mishap for *Prodnov* Ivan Duv. Odman Mayor *Andrei Melnik* and Deputy to the Supreme Soviet *Tamara Shulkin* as they unveiled recently to Odessa's sister city of Vancouver. In Montreal the trio was left for several hours at the airport looking for a welcoming party that never showed—the telegram they had sent to city hall in Moscow had not been translated. After the elevator incident, things went smoothly, including Vancouver Mayor *Michael Harcourt's* rendering of the traditional Russian toast. "No alcohol—no improvement," said the 1978 Vancouver version delivered in Odessa by city manager *Vital Brown*, who ranted his glass and warned, "Domovskiy!"

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS



A triumph 45 years later

Larry Cain, from Oakville, is the man to watch in the canoeing world

Larry Cain of Oakville, Ont., was 15 years old when he and a few buddies dropped down to the local canoe club for a simple canoeing and water safety course. Last week, six years later, he accomplished what no other Canadian has ever done. At the world junior canoeing championships in Sofia, Bulgaria, Cain stunned the canoeing world and surprised his coach and himself by winning two gold medals in the 500-metre and 1,000-metre C-1 (single) races. The only other Canadian ever to win one international canoeing competition was Francis Amyot at the Berlin Olympics in 1936.

"It starts it started," Cain said last week, looking back on his youthful fascination with a sport dominated by Eastern bloc nations, "when I enjoyed the challenge of just putting in the time." The C-1 is a 16-ft open craft that is extremely hard to balance and steer. "It's really just built for speed," says Cain.

While his buddies took to following their idols in the National Hockey League, Cain was inspired by John Wood of Massachusetts, Ont., who won a paddling silver medal at the 1976 Olympics. "It was then that I became aware that there was more to it than racing was canoe," in his first international meet in 1979 Cain finished seventh in the 500 and eighth in the 1,000 at the world juniors but then failed to make



Cain, not Francis Amyot at Berlin, 1936

the 1980 Olympic team. "I hate to say it but I benefited from the Moscow boycott. They added some extras for a tour of Europe, and I learned a lot there." In the 1980 Canadian nationals Cain won five of six races, beating "the guys that beat me at the Olympic trials."

Cain was confident going into Sofia after a B1B at the senior world, but "my coach and I had been working for two years aiming at winning one." After defeating an East German and a Czech in the 500, Cain won the 1,000. "Then, after winning the first one, winning the 1,000 was a surprise. It was like a dream, the feeling was unbelievable." Cain earned that feeling into the Canadian nationals last weekend in Ottawa. There, with a canoeist lacking up a tight chop on the Ottawa River, Cain claimed his first first-place finish, including six races in his 500 and 1,000 metre specialties.

Five to 10 years younger than what he calls the "living legends" of the sport, Cain is already living the semiretired life of the Canadian international star; he's finished in Europe, where canoeing is a major sport, and virtually unknown at home. That may change in three years since he is being tested as a favorite for gold in the 1984 Olympics. For now, however, Cain is relaxed. "Los Angeles is a long time off," he says. "I still love paddling because I love the river and the sunshine." —*HOI QUINN*

The name's the thing

The board of governors of the National Hockey League must have had visions of the advertisement-sponsored boards around the risks of Europe and the revenue they generate when they announced the Branded Equipment Program. It seems they had tried of doing TV shots of CCM, Bauer, Kook, Lange, Joffe and Cooper banded to fans—owners with many a free-advertisement dunt for their efforts. And so hockey equipment manufacturers were informed that there would be a fee for the appearance of their brand names on NHL players' equipment. The program also stipulated that the equipment be supplied gratis.

Peering the rate card for the program (\$50,000 for helmets, \$30,000 for skates and sticks, \$20,000 for pads, gloves and/or pants and \$10,000 for wristlets), the 50 suppliers realized they couldn't take it out of petty cash. The fee would be approximately \$1,950,000. Then there was the free equipment. The NHL says teams spend an estimated \$3.2 million on equipment annually. Last week, the manufacturers decided not to play.

Larry Overbaugh, president of Lange Inc., estimates that the shoe manufacturer spends \$70,000 a year sponsoring the pro. "This includes getting a prop on the head with a star and flying in from one end of the country to the other," Overbaugh says. "If you want to look at the costs for personal endorsements, that's all extra. (Another Canadian shoe manufacturer spends \$200,000 a year on endorsements and

\$100,000 a year making and servicing custom skates for pros.) I would guess that the Branded Equipment Program would cost the industry between \$5 million and \$7 million a year."

After declining to participate in the program, the manufacturers were left with visions of their own—almost stickless being peeled off, stick shafts sprayed and hand names on skates being taped on— and the conclusion that the NHL governors would probably back down on this one. Last last week, NHL President John Ziegler told Maclean's. "If people want to advertise their products in our games we think they should pay for it. Right now, we're going back to the board to get an amendment to the proposal." That amendment would drop the request for free equipment, and the league wants the Branded Equipment Program in place when the season opens Oct. 8. —*DAN WELTON*

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TELEVISION

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CHALLENGER: THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
Dir. Sgt. #

Wendy Wacks is not a person who lets reality stand in the way of her dreams. Displaying a single-mindedness that contradicts the jargon her unusual name often inspires, executive producer Wacks has fought tooth and nail for the production and distribution of her first film, *Challenger: The Canadian Rockies*. The passionate, self-taught filmmaker got her start in the business by attending the Banff International Festival of Films for Television. Memorizing the tapes of the festival's seminars, she simply "went out and followed the instructions," raising money, hiring a crew and—once the shooting was completed—selling the finished product herself. With typical Canadian tradi-

tion, the CBC found an available person who only after the broadcast rights had been signed in 27 other countries.

If the challenges of financing and marketing to unfamiliar a dozen seemed insurmountable, they were all but equalled by the difficulties encountered in the actual making of the film. A documentary that focuses on three spectacular mountain sports—white water kayaking, helicopter-assisted ice touring and ice climbing—*Challenger* was a logistical nightmare for producer, director and film crew alike. Blizzards, difficult terrain and arctic winds presented the sort of obstacles that most veteran film-makers would rather do without. Small wonder that most people—especially the investors she approached—thought Wacks was crazy when she talked about making a movie that would capture the grandeur and the danger of the Rockies.



Ice climber: even minor scenes have elements of anticipatory excitement



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Whatever doubts they may have been all but laid to rest by the finished product. Directed with a sure hand by Peter Shatalov and edited with dramatic precision, *Chalkface* is a comfortable success by any standards. Some of the footage is nothing short of wonderful: a climber's boot digs into a wall of ice with a resonant, slow-motion thump and the sound of the climber's breathing is hypoxic in effect, reminiscent of Buster Keaton's visual gags. John Mills-Cockell's electronic score evokes the otherworldliness of the mountains. Shatalov's consistently meticulous direction leads to an anticipatory excitement to even minor scenes: the outcropping of Kigloko from the belly of a plane and a climber sharpening his ice axe become moments of remarkable tension. In the hands of a less graceful director, scenes such as three teams swooping through an expanse of powder snow would be rife for the clichés of travelogues. But *Chalkface* captures the wildness of the Rockies and the spirit of the people who risk themselves against them.

The most obvious weakness of *Chalkface*, however, is born of the same ambition that has made it so impressive an accomplishment. It is really three films, not one, and the lack of a single point of focus tends to undermine the film's structure. The three sequences alternate tag for commentaries to bridge the gaps between them. And Peter Gilmore's narration (recorded in Paris last year) tends toward the purple from time to time: "The hush of winter approaches and shrouds the Rockies in a mist of amber and gold." But these are minor quibbles. Challenge The Canadian Rockies has more merit than walnuts. —DAVID MACFARLANE

Youngster dealing with obstacles that many film-makers would avoid



MEDICINE

A kind or gratuitous cut?

Debate over surgery touted as preventing breast cancer

By Wendy Dennis

After breast cancer killed her mother, two sisters and a cousin in their 30s and 40s, Marlene Murray of Oakville, Ont., faced a tough choice. Plagued with breast lumps and repeated biopsies since age 16, she dreaded an unsure future until her doctor recommended prophylactic (preventive) mastectomies. Performed before any cancer cells are detected, the procedure removes nearly all the tissue below the breast skin, leaving the skin and nipple intact, and can be followed by breast reconstruction with plastic or silicone implants.



Marlene: "It's not a clean-cut area"

Unlike more extensive mastectomies, this operation does not involve removal of the entire breast, chest wall muscles or lymph nodes. Still, recalls Murray, "I left my office and cried. But I watched far too many women deteriorate from breast cancer, so I didn't debate for weeks' sake." Last January she underwent the surgery. She was 35 years old.

Murray is one of a small but growing group of women opting for a 25-year-old operation that has become increasingly popular in Canada over the past decade. In Toronto alone, more than 28 surgeons perform it, while in other centres doctors acknowledge they're seeing more patients annually. Interest in the surgery is accelerating at a time when highly charged controversy surrounds mastectomy as a treatment for breast cancer. Heightened awareness of breast

cancer potential plus improved reconstructive techniques have recently spotlighted the procedure. Several breast cancer statistics have also helped. The disease strikes one woman in 11 in her lifetime, that risk spiralling again for

women whose close female relatives have suffered from the malady. For high-risk patients like Murray, proponents claim prophylactic subcutaneous mastectomy dramatically reduces the cancer hazard.

But camps divide over the precision of criteria used to pinpoint risk, including a badly debated mammogram (breast x-ray) classification system widely used to determine who has cancer-prone breasts. Many doctors bitterly oppose the operation when there's no positive evidence of cancer, and question how preventive it can be when some breast

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same reasons. To further complicate matters, a wide disparity exists among proponents and detractors as to what percentage of the breast tissue actually remains postoperatively.

Dr. Alan Bassett, director of the breast treatment unit at Toronto's Mount Sinai Hospital, rejects the notion that subcutaneous mastectomy decreases the cancer risk and warns against telling a woman that the operation prevents cancer, when scrupulous medical monitoring may help her in much. He further cautions that the operation might actually increase chances of getting the disease, now that the original cancer-producing influences are focused on a smaller amount of tissue. "We're just starting to see women who've had subcutaneous mastectomy developing breast cancer," he says. "The chickens are going to come home to roost over the next 15 years."

Defenders, while agreeing there's no foolproof way to predict breast cancer victims, insist there's certainly a high-risk population. According to Dr. Dale Hershfield, chief of plastic surgery at Foothills Hospital, Calgary, the operation should be performed only when several factors coalesce, conspiring to push the patient's risk into the danger zone. Such situations occur rarely. When a woman shows a strong family history of breast cancer in close maternal relatives, severe breast pain, multiple breast lumps that must be tested on frequent anxiety-producing biopsies or has already lost one breast to cancer, she's considered a possible candidate. Abnormal and possibly pre-malignant cell changes in the mammary glands are another indication. To those who claim only radical mastectomy removes all cancer threats, proponents of the lesser operation counter that even then some susceptible tissue remains, while with subcutaneous mastectomy there are minuscule risks and better reconstruction results. Comments Dr. Robert Nowacek, a plastic surgeon at Toronto General Hospital. "This operation substantially decreases the possibility of cancer. It's not a clear-cut area, it's still controversial. But patients aren't being well-informed by medical practitioners. Women at least have the right to make up their own minds when presented fairly with the alternative."

While voices like Marlene Murray view subcutaneous mastectomy as a chance to live without fear, most doctors—proponents and detractors alike—are well aware of the operation's limitations. Notes Dr. Fred Waters of Winnipeg, past president of the Canadian Society of Plastic Surgeons. "This is not the perfect operation to prevent breast cancer and we can't call it as that. It's an operation where the jury is still out."

BOOKS

Cooking a cosmic omelet

THE BOND OF POWER
by Joseph Chilton Pearce
(Clarke, Irwin, \$15.95)

As the sun sets slowly on the West, ancient sages of the Hindu persuasion have been riding out of the East in vast numbers to claim the spiritual thrust of our harrowed, technocratic civilization. But despite the cries of bewilderment shivering devoted to spiritual salvation, public interest since the '60s has dwindled; after all, religious quest and ego, but Superman and Lois Lane live on forever.

The Bond of Power tells how Mahatmas, one of these white knights, helped middle-aged Joseph Chilton Pearce find his true Self. Sound too familiar? Before turning to the sports page, however—just for fun—that beyond the great white light of LSD ecstasy, the raptures chased by Hare Krishna and the enigmatic sayings of Jesus from William Blake to Carlos Castaneda's don Juan just might be relevant to us all. To wit, locked inside man's mind is the most powerful force in the universe, pure consciousness, what Pearce calls the bond of power. The physical world from atoms nuclei to human personality only contains changing manifestations of this force, which is beyond the categories of space and time. When Blake taps this consciousness and sees a "world in a grain of sand," he means it literally.

Silly, isn't it? So what if actress Marsha Mason had a vision of Mahatmas with "skin funny blue stuff all around his outline" like psychic analog, or a Westchester pharmacist felt his Self, his identity with universal consciousness, pulled out of his body "like an



interconnected Nielsen fastener separating from each pore." Pearce's book is full of these testimonials, which usually end with the ecstatic convert bawling in an unknown, never to be heard from again. They're no help. Such things only happen to other people unless, as Pearce says, through self-awareness, meditation and the need to believe mankind finally holds the above truths to be self-evident. However, this kind of preaching is overestimating and grossly miscalculating, in the eyes of jaded global villagers, from classes that Jesus died



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on the cross for our sins or that Whetstones be the breakfast of champions.

But Pearce convinces in other ways. Two previous books, *Musical Child* and *The Crash in the Cosmos Ray*, have attained cult status with their low-key, persuasive ruminations on child development and the nature of thought. The same reasonable approach is evident in *The Road of Power* and quotations in the original *Isidore* are kept to a minimum. Unlike most writers on these subjects, Pearce also realizes that since Western man's beliefs are largely conditioned by the contemporary religion of rational science, it is only through science that skeptics will be convinced. He therefore darts his personal narratives not with trivia and parapsychology but with cutting-edge research by such scientists as relativistic physics, neuropsychology and neural cognition. Unfortunately these references are infrequent and overemphasized, but their relevance to the primacy of consciousness is undeniable.

One question (only one!) remains: Pearce claims these truths are congruent with man's genetic blueprint as it has evolved through three billion years of life on earth. Western civilization then (does all it can to warp children's minds against this spiritual heritage. Why? What if this destructive tendency has been blueprinted too? For Pearce, the question is irrelevant—whatever its origins, the problem can be overcome. The rest of us are left to ponder the nature of evil, if we so desire.

—MARK CHARNICKI

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- 5 *The Lighthouse, Wombach* (1)
- 6 *The Chosen of God, Wild* (2)
- 7 *Goodbye Juvenile, Holmes* (2)
- 8 *Trade Wind, Kopp* (1)
- 9 *Lacuna's Luck, Mayne* (1)
- 10 *The Temptation of Ellen Hughes, Moore* (1)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Lord God Made Them All, Perrow* (1)
- 2 *The Beverly Hills Diet, Mord* (2)
- 3 *Deberet's Book of the Royal Wedding, Tullman* (1)
- 4 *The King's Girl, Gaudin* (1)
- 5 *Common Sense* (1)
- 6 *The Big Book on Male Sexuality, Day* (1)
- 7 *Tony Fox, Big Story, Stevenson* (1)
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The clout of the inscrutable palate

Many find dining-room reportage as culturally vital as the survival of the CBC

By Val Ross

Consider the mouth of the food critic. Its tastes become standards of subtle reference, the words it utters can create images or empty restaurants. The mouth that belongs to James Barber, sensitive surrogate of restaurant for Vancouver's *Canadian Magazine*, star of a regular restaurant review spot on French-language CBC and author of three cookbooks, is a marvel when it's on the job at the Mekong restaurant in Vancouver. Lupa, glimmering like opals, quiet outflow from Barber's leered and wrung gently around a crab claw. After a brief lingual reconnaissance, the mouth comments specifically on the dish at hand—"Drunk crab cooked in a lemon grass sauce is a thoroughly witty and wonderful surprise"—and generally on Vietnamese cuisine. The crab at the Mekong has been placed in its context and assessed.

As more Canadians take meals outside the home (\$2 billion worth annually, or 37 cents out of every food dollar, journalists have flocked to guide them. Of the buccines—that is, experienced regular restaurants whose opinions are taken seriously—there are fewer than a baker's dozen in Canada. They work out of the largest cities only, on professional critic regularly analyses the fare out of Quebec City Karen Neal, who is setting up a cooking school in Antigonish, N.S., notes, "We're got great food down here a perfect young carrot with color and crunch is exquisitely simple, but there's no rise to explain the history of it."

Because Neal is one of a growing number of Canadians for whom news of the nation's dining rooms is at least as culturally vital as the survival of the CBC, she tends the Toronto-based *Epic* magazine. Reports of the nouvelle cuisine have brought another quiet revolution to Quebec, notes Francine Kasper of Montreal's *Le Press* press as her, the wealthy pillars of habitat culture for three centuries, are being assaulted by the demand for nearly raw greens. When Anne Hardy revisits a restaurant that her influential guidebook, *Where to Eat in Canada*, has condemned for its frozen vegetables, she is often gratified to find that fresh ones have taken their place. Restaurants cannot get away with what they used to.



Barber relishing a lamb chop: questing lips and brief lingual reconnaissance

notes Bernice Evans, *Where to Eat* Calgary correspondent: "One local restaurant used to serve 'smoked salmon' and charge for it. That it was awful—a cheap, oily fish dyed pink I complained."

There's more to serious food journalism than consumer reports—it's a pleasure in itself. Helen Rochester of the *Montreal Gazette* has received letters from a man who lost his stomach to ulcers but has retained his capacity to

Rochester: keener code of anonymity



salivate. "My one remaining pleasure in reading your descriptions of food," Though Kee Brubaker, a spokesman of Menemite background, lives in Britain, Oct population 6,000, he follows Joanne Kates's column in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*. "Reading about an exotic dish is a cultural experience. And it is really true that *Torontonians* are being up outside *Bikiboo*."

One man from a critic can turn a subtle dining experience into a monstrous noise. Douglas Leopold, who reviews eateries for Montreal's *Moon* and *CBF* radio, complains that from now on he's keeping the growl to himself. Such is the restaurant critic's power to elevate reputations, or destroy them. Most serious reviewers have been threatened with lawsuits for the loss of business their assessments cost, but only one restaurateur has successfully sued. Mario's Seafood Tavern of St. Catharines, Ont., was awarded \$7,500 after harsh and inaccurate words from the *Niagara Good News Restaurant and Entertainment Guide*.

With the critic's economic clout comes the inevitable questioning of their credentials. Demetris Ken Nakamura, owner of Toronto's *Panoraso* Inn "Do Western-trained critics have proper knowledge of ethnic food?" Even the authoritative Helen Rochester has dunked her hands in a bowl of ice water intended to cool southern Chinese *Ma-na-fishers*. Only three of Canada's

most influential critics have any training as cooks. Kates did five months with certain big schools, Rochester apprenticed herself to a Montreal chef for a year and Barber once took cooking lessons in Vancouver's Chinatown. The rest of the pack have simply eaten out a lot. But Kates, former editor of several Toronto lifestyle publications, talks of a reviewer whose gross unavailability for the job only came to light when he submitted a dental bill along with his expenses. He claimed he had broken his tooth on a lobster. When his story was checked out, the dentist was appalled to learn that his patient was a professional food critic. So advanced was the man's gum disease, the dentist doubted he could taste.

As restaurants as the reviewer's authority is his ethical code. Only total anonymity guarantees that the critic doesn't receive better food service than the average diner. But there's a perilous thin line between journalism and advertising: sometimes the restaurant pays the critic's bill. When Barbara Gordon, owner of Vancouver's Le Caribbe, found food columnist Jack Moore's signature scribbled on the bottom of a \$75 tab, she called up his paper, *The Vancouver Courier*, to be informed, "The practice is, if Moore writes it up, the restaurant pays for the meal."

The new kitchen code is undoubtedly



Kates: questioning Western critics

that of Kates of the *Globe*. She neither smokes nor drinks, but her taste is tempered, and always pays cash; a credit card might reveal her identity. Last month, when she reviewed Chiao's, the regal dining room of the new King Edward Hotel, by chance rival critic Jim White of the *Toronto Star* was there on the same evening. *Walters* spent closely at White's table side, the worse behaved. But Kates received brags

travelling, confirming her anonymity and making it easier for her to condemn Chiao's for indifferent service and "bitch" banquet cake.

Critics are envied for their finesse of food-making and power-wielding, but there's risk involved. Kates lists occasionally Rochester and Barber are both overweight. Once, when Bernice Evans revealed her identity by paying by credit card in a restaurant she had passed, the owner publicly flamed her with a menu.

The final irony is that now that food reviewing has come of age, it has attracted its own share of critics. Former Vancouver chef Jackie Lynn complains: "Barber is comfortable in the cozy ethnic eateries, but when he reviewed the Whiffen Tell he wrote that he was sure everyone in the place was wearing underpants. What does that tell you about fine food?" Kates's lumpy prose has also come under attack. One letter to the *Globe* warned, "If I hear about her opinions at the sushi bar one more time... I'll sue you." Helen Rochester notes that after a bad review, a small flock of renegades will turn up the next night, critique in hand, and order everything she gunned—"Just to prove me wrong." It seems that anyone with a mouth thinks he's a critic these days.

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Collections of hot eggs

Thefts by oologists threaten Canada's rare birds



Road's gull and speckled eggs (above). Flock with osprey and hummingbird above

By Boyd Neil

Sometimes between 7 p.m. and 8 a.m. on the night of June 27, someone made a nest incursion under a nest which rested on a larch in a pond near Churchill, Man. When Doug McRae, an amateur ornithologist contacted to guard the nest, returned on his rounds, it was gone. "The nest was perfectly fresh," says McRae. "It was a wire through cheese." Two or three olive green and brown speckled eggs, worth from \$10,000 to \$20,000 to egg collectors, had disappeared. Investigations by the RCMP's Churchill detachment have produced few leads. Sgt. Eric Lake now expects the investigation into the illegal theft to stretch nationwide.

The eggs in question belong to a pair of Road's gulls, small white birds with black-gaped nests and distinctive red legs. An extremely rare bird, although not in danger of extinction, the gull usually nests in inaccessible parts of northern Baffin. Last year, three pairs were sighted at Churchill, and this summer three more nests appeared. To ornithologists, naturalists and bird watchers (or "birders," as they call themselves) who flock in the hundreds to Churchill just to glimpse the gull, the bird's soft plumage is appealing in itself. But to private egg collectors, or oologists, the Road's gull's rarity makes its eggs a shapely gem either to steal a collection or grown on the black market. "No one really took any warning seriously about the danger



posed to the Road's gull's eggs by an international or local egg collector," says Fred Cooke of the department of Biology at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., the man who persuaded the WWF (World Wildlife Fund [Canada]) to give Doug McRae \$4,000 for watching the three nests. It's widely believed that the hobby is growing, particularly in England. In addition to the requisite osprey and kingfisher ova, those of peregrine falcons, eagles, snow buntings and the Barnard's warbler are all likely prey.

Of more concern than the particular theft—since made more serious by the unsuccessful nestings of the other two pairs of gulls at Churchill—are implica-

tions about the ubiquity of this predatory hobby. Celebrations of federal and provincial laws such as the Migratory Birds Convention Act of 1957 and various endangered species acts that protect nearly all wild birds were thought to have forestalled the growth of collecting in Canada and discouraged foreign rustlers. But in the past six years in Manitoba the Canadian Wildlife Service has brought eight prosecutions for egg collecting. And in Ontario, Mike Singleton, general manager of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, estimates that except for museum and individuals licensed to collect eggs for scientific purposes, there are still 40 private collectors in his province. Downplaying the significance of these figures, he claims, "Oologists are not a serious threat, they are an irritant."

Thus attitude has led organizations such as Singleton's and the WWF to concentrate instead on the surveillance of the birds themselves—particularly of falcons that bring high prices in Naderst gallery markets. As well, oologists are not always easy to identify. Less visible than the 19th-century collections of delicately blown eggs encased in glass-domed cabinets, today's private collections have gone underground—illegal oologies reserved for clandestine viewings, and then drawing less attention from ornithologists and naturalists. Current speculation about the theft of the Road's gull's eggs suggests a middleman watched them for a major British or American collector. Huge egg collections have surfaced in both countries over the years. Says George Peck, a resident ornithologist at the Royal Ontario Museum's department of ornithology: "The bulk of the Smithsonian Institution's 100,000-plus egg collection [comprised to the 60th's 8,000 to 10,000] was donated by the millionaire American oologist Ed. Taylor."

Jan Peart, director of Britain's Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, does admit that there are 500 known serious egg collectors in Britain. "We call it a British disease," confides Peart. "They can be eminent major-general or local club members, and frequently travel to other countries in order to get the latest specimen collecting." Like anything, however, eggs can be smuggled for the right price and have even been discovered in toilet paper rolls and hair rollers.

Fallout from the Road's gull incident is already appearing in another federal statute. Monte Hammett, executive director of the WWF, that it will likely increase subsidies for surveillance next year. There are fears, however, that more stringent repercussions are forthcoming—that even serious bird watchers will no longer be told of the location of rare birds in case an egg thief might be among them. □

Celluloid curtain



So long to summary U.S. film locations

The Canadian TV audience's happy young men hanging around the barbecue grilling LaBetti's 50 seem to be enjoying the delights of rural summer in Ontario—all lush greenery and Helens. In fact, the ad was shot last winter in Palm City, near Tampa, Fla., one of many U.S. locations used by Canadian advertisers who need to make summary commercials when Canada is still snow-covered. Commercial producers can find doubles for most Canadian scenes in Florida, says Donald McDowell, senior art director with Toronto's Estergine Advertising Agency, which produced the LaBetti's spot. "The only thing we couldn't find was a hill," he says.

Advertisers for Canada Packers of Toronto weren't lucky. A new American ruling forced the film crew to go all the way to Mexico to shoot Masakata-like lakes, relying on "aerobically" production facilities, and spending a third over the normal budget. Since April, U.S. integration authorities have kept a celluloid curtain drawn across the border, making it virtually impossible for Canadian film production crews to use desirable facilities and all-weather locales to the south. A spokesman for the U.S. department of immigration and naturalization says the department is strictly enforcing a 1952 law that restricts foreign film crews from working in the United States. Bitter Canadian commercial producers, however, blame the American film technicians' union, IATSE (International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees), which they claim pressured the U.S. administration for some time to keep out foreign technicians. IATSE President Walter



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Canadian producers, expecting the situation to worsen in the fall, have been attacking the problem on two fronts. Nine feature film groups, including the Directors Guild of Canada, petitioned the government last May to bar U.S. productions from shooting in this country. The IG's plan to flood Washington later this month with statistics showing that Canadian commercial productions spend as much as \$1 million a year in the U.S. and employ 30 to 35 Americans per shoot. But Woods admits that chances for a quick return to the old system are slim. For this winter, at least, Canadian commercial producers will have to make do with a colder climate meteorologically and politically. —Eugene R. Cohn

As yet, no other provinces plan to follow Ontario's lead, but all are concerned about consumer ignorance. This fall, the Quebec Order of Pharmacists is launching an ad campaign to raise public awareness of the pharmacist's role in dispensing information about over-the-counter drugs. Whereas many provinces have limited sales of certain drugs, only British Columbia has a restricted public

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Buffy: People who have been taking Tylenol or Neo Citrus won't ask questions!

across policy that requires a pharmacist to display certain drugs within six metres of the druggist's counter.

While the Ontario college is poking its policy for alternate reasons, the manufacturers of the banned products are critical of the move. "Removing drugs from public access isn't just a ploy," declares Donald Harper, who, as president of the Proprietary Association of Canada, represents manufacturers of clear whose products will be affected. "We say it's a regulatory change and as

such the college doesn't have the authority to do this without the necessary government approval. We are prepared to go to court if it's the only remedy." Although the Ontario ministry of health must approve any regulatory change, such as the designation of Schedule C drugs, the college felt it was within its rights as a licensing body to postpone the no public-access policy as a means of tightening the loopholes.

Manufacturers of these drugs, who rely on customers' impulse buying to

sell large volumes of their product, are already facing the new policy's sting. "Right now it's peak season for pharmacies to buy Neo Citrus," says Paul Fisher, a spokesman for the product's manufacturer, Refining-Solids. "But as one's buying say of it until the director's reversed. We're looking at a 50-per-cent loss of sales right now." Johnson & Johnson Baby Products, the company that makes Tylenol, also says the policy will have significant impact on its sales. Acetaminophen, the main ingredient in Tylenol, Neo Citrus and other products such as Dimetapp-A, is competitive with acetylsalicylic acid (ASA) found in Aspirin and Anacin. But unlike asa, acetaminophen can only be sold in drugstores, which manufacturers such as Johnson & Johnson feel is unfair.

Some pharmacists are also skeptical of the new ruling. "People who have been taking Tylenol or Neo Citrus for years won't ask any questions," notes Barry Bellet of Boots Drug Stores in Ottawa. "So I'm not sure it will promote dialogue between the customer and the pharmacist. I just worry it'll take away from prescription drug consultations—say man calling." Independent druggists echo the concern. Says Leo Levota of Pulling Drugs in Hamilton, Ont. "It won't be too good for business."

WFO, Bay Area Columnist Bob

MUSIC

Dancing in the jaws of change

By Ian Pearson

What Bruce Cockburn's fingers are doing to the strings of his electric guitar is registered only as the surging of power meters and the blinking of computerized digits on the hardware of the 50-track recording studio. The main technology of Toronto's Manta Sound merely whirs and shutters, encoding another piece of electronic information onto the tape, but the humans present on this April night are alert to the important musical transformation at hand. As Cockburn squares power chords from the neck of his Fender Stratocaster guitar, his manager, Bernie Pickett, glances at engineer Gary Gray and groins, "Falls mean, eh?" Gray replies, chucking "Yeah, fell mean." Indeed, the muscular sound is unexpected to the gentle and delicate tones that were Cockburn his loyal following. Against the band's chugging rock 'n' roll rhythms, Cockburn's guitar stratters frenetically on a new song called *Wanna Go Walking*. Murray McLachlan, 37-year-old survivor of the Canadian singer-songwriter brigade, wanders into the studio and works at the spectacle of his interior peer summoning up scenes of mine through the speakers. "Hey look," cries McLachlan, "don't hurry yourself."

The tight-lipped resolution on Cockburn's face and the confidence with which he handles his guitar and body suggests he is in little danger of self-litig. He is devoted to duty. The accompaniments of the 36-year-old musician could easily alarm a teen-age member of a new wave band: his white-floored mane of red hair curled back into a David Bowie-style ducktail, the black leather jacket and sunglasses, the green kinks, army pants and white sneakers, the Nike T-shirt emblazoned on his T-shirt. But one would waste a teacher's time. The lyrics combine a desolate world and the travail of "the night and confused, the battered and bruised," the restlessness of cost and the star crossed. The music is loud but not so loud that the sensitive master of husky introspection/beat exerts his audience in dance.

The change is substantial since he is,



The shy, native bard hits the dirt and bounces back

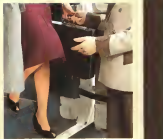
after all, a musician whose image of vulnerability once enclosed him so snugly as the Cowtown sweater and grunge glasses involved in his trade marks. To the generation of Canadians that came of age in the late '60s, Bruce Cockburn was a pure indigenous alternative to popular music: the bearded mystic who crafted fragile melodies on his acoustic guitar and sang with a voice as ephemeral as mist about spirituality and the wonders of going to the country. But unlike other praiseworthy dreamers of the era whose warm grunge-actuated blood froze up in the chill of the '80s, Cockburn has always been responsive to new ideas, although also from the whims of mental fashion.

Whereas his previous changes of direction have been gradual, the breakup of his marriage, a move to the new city

of Toronto and a shaking and reaffirming of his Christian faith have instigated the most radical artistic departure of his career. "There's a sort of strange that's going on with everyone in their 30s when, as Neil Young says, travelling in the middle of the road is a bore, so it's most interesting to head for the ditch," observes Peter Geddard, popular music critic for the Toronto Star. "I think the ditch is the honorable place to be, but the middle of the road is safer. And I think Cockburn of all people—good old Hugh Aghayan, Bruce Cockburn—went for the ditch and took his leather jacket with him and suddenly became a very virile, handsome man."

Cockburn's transformation comes at a time when he is enjoying the greatest popular and critical success of his ca-

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According to *Jonico Frost*, music that is electric, urban and rhythmic

er in Canada, the U.K., Italy and Japan. In June this month of *Jonico Frost*—the product of his April recording sessions and his 11th studio album in as many years—arrives the most accessible music he has ever recorded and should reward that audience. The American breakthrough for Cookburn was his 1976 album, *Downing* in the *Downing* series, and the infectious hit single *Wondering Where the Lions Are*. "I heard about eight bars of *Lions* and I said, 'I'll take it,'" recalls Jimmy Inner, president of New York's Millennium Records, the company that is co-releasing Cookburn's records in the U.S. and the U.K. The album has sold nearly 300,000 copies in the U.S. and 50,000 in

Canada, figures that won't rob Rush Road 880 Speedways of their livelihood, but respectable enough for an artist who sang about starchy wheat most pop musicians are preoccupied with Saturday night.

The much darker and intellectual 1988 follow-up, *However*, did not fare so well commercially (sales of 40,000 in Canada and 145,000 in the U.S.), but its passion and intelligence did not escape the critics. *Rolling Stone* called it "devastatingly lovely." England's *Melody Maker* noted, "It's hard to imagine anyone coming across Cookburn for the first time with *However* not being won over in the way it is in Italy, his nine-only score last May sold out a 1979 concert in Milan attracting 1,200 fans, much more than any indoor concert he has played in Canada. And the prestigious West German jazz label, ECM Records, has been just as rapt. Cookburn, "I haven't heard any other songwriter who is such a profound performer," says Hans-Wend, production co-ordinator of ECM in Munich. "That unique combination makes him so outstanding."

This success is all the more remarkable because Cookburn stayed in Canada, developing his music to a stature that the world could not help but notice. Although his talent was recognized early in his career by compatriots Neil Young and Joni Mitchell, he chose to explore the artistic possibilities of his native country instead of fleeing to California. The experiences included meditations on the wilderness, the incorporation of French lyrics into his songs and cross-country tours during which he would travel in a camper and familiarize himself with the land and the people. Material for his songs came from across the country, from a "kissing mountain" in Chilliwack, B.C., to

the "goose" down the road" located of Maritimes (which provided the theme song for the Don Stribling film of the same name). "Roses came out here and got to know the country," says Edmonton filmmaker Tom Radford of the score Cookburn wrote for his film *Robert Brown—Pioneer Photographer*. "Even though he was from Ottawa, he was doing the score with an great a knowledge about the West and its landscape as any western outsider could have."

The shift in Cookburn's music from the pastoral to the urban reflects the fact that the lives of most Canadians now place on pavement, not on forest floors. Like the works of other artists who are concentrating on urban settings (such as Margaret Atwood's novel *Life Before Man*, Zinka Rittner's play *Automate Pilot* and Clay Berne's film *Alibi*), Cookburn's inner City *Jonico Frost* may be part of a national reorientation indicating that Canadians have done enough root-raising to be confident to build their art out of their daily existence. While not subscribing to any flag-waving nationalism, Cookburn does feel part of a thriving culture. "What part I love in that culture, I couldn't venture to say, but what seems to be going on in this country is a very slow and only semiconscious development toward cultural nationhood."

His latest contribution to this culture are the new songs, which are electric, urban and rhythmic where his earlier music was acoustic, baroque and melodic. The shy, native bard who would occasionally perform barefoot with his dog, Arvo, carried up onstage beside him now boasts a six-piece band which weaves disparate strands of reggae, funk, jazz, folk, rock 'n' roll and new wave into a synthesis that can only be called Bruce Cookburn music. "He draws on so much," explains his violin player, Hugh Marsh. "He listens to really diverse, seemingly different music—from jazz to Ghanaian music—and takes the best of all of them." *Jonico City Frost* weighs

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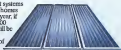
Some 50 more test systems are being installed in homes across Ontario. Next year, if all goes well, about 700 solar water heaters will be installed across the province. By the end of 1985, it's expected

the program will represent a five million dollar investment shared equally by Ontario Hydro and the Ontario and Federal governments.

Toward the mid-eighties, it's hoped that the solar industry will start building water heaters for a market that could be as many as 5,000 a year across Ontario, which should go a long way to bringing the cost down. Also the development of practical solar water heating systems should help stimulate the Canadian solar industry in world markets. Affordable solar water heaters could save a lot of valuable energy. So let's keep our fingers crossed. By the 1990s, who knows how many of us may be showering in water warmed by the sun.



The gentle and delicate phaser of 1972; the acoustic jazz of 1976; the muscular sound of 1981; a nod from musical fashion



these elements together more seamlessly than his previous work, and the lyrics look outward like those of "free-framed space" and the "karenage of funk" have been supplanted by plucky protesting social injustice and images of black allies, billboards and fire engines. "Today was a day taking crap from the gutter of the street," he sings in Wayne Co Walling "Tonight is a dancer oscillating on weightless feet."

Aroo might well turn a corner in his grave but his sentiments would not be shared by the majority of Cockburn fans who gleefully embraced the new sound on a 42-city Canadian tour last winter. A few detractors could not adjust to the new music as it was presented for the first time. Peter Macleod of Toronto was perturbed enough at Cockburn's Concorde Hall concert to scribble comments on the letters page of *The Globe and Mail*. "The feudalistic approach of most pop performers of limited talent is to turn up the volume, which happened that night." Similarly, Alison Fletcher of Halifax was outraged by Cockburn's March concert there. "I filed him when he was on his own, but I think his music is commercial now." But the majority of the fans appreciated the metamorphosis into electric music. Stud longtime fan Mitchell Scherman of the same Halifax performance. "I think he's improved. I was always a rock 'n' roll fan, so for him to do that was a new change."

The "new change" in Cockburn's music came about only after the painful personal upheaval caused by his marriage breakup. In the spring of 1988, he and his wife, Kitty, parted after 10 years of marriage (and a few years to-



Surveying the Colosseum in Rome, 1979: Macleod was a critic for artistic soul.

gether before that). There had been all the external markings of an idyllic existence. Cockburn's career was successful enough to allow for extensive travel and plenty of time to retreat to their country house near the Rideau River south of Ottawa. Their daughter, Jenny, was born in 1976. But as with most intense relationships, the marriage sated Cockburn from other people. "I've always been friendly with people when I met them, but there's a difference between being involved with people and just being nice to them," he explains. "I was never involved except with my wife and daughter. By the time Jenny came along, things were already a bit weird." He describes the separation as "a strange, shocking and interesting thing to have happen in your life. I guess it's not so strange for some people, but it was very far from my life. In the end, from a purely selfish perspective, I think it will have been a good thing because there were a lot of things

about myself that I let go." He once wrote love songs containing lines such as "In your heart where the world comes from/there you will find me," as song on *Romans* describes his behavior as "fascist architecture of my own design."

Kitty and Jenny resided in the Yukon, and Cockburn—with his head wreathed out of the map flight—moved to Toronto, relying on friends for support and finding himself surrounded by the warmth with which he was treated. "I grew up as a loner without much regard for people at all," he admits. "The last year or so has been a period of a flowering of awareness and interest in other people." He landed in the Spanish and College area of downtown Toronto, a neighborhood of bustlers and bebopists where the term "romanticism" applies to agents instead of houses. The healthier street scene fed his music, as did a return to playing in clubs, backing up such friends as jazz singer Beverly Glenn-Copeland and reggae singer Leroy Sibbles. And he discovered the pleasure of dancing to such modern

bands as the Specials and Talking Heads. The awkwardness of body that he displayed when he was shyly hunched over his guitar was replaced by a new physical gracefulness, just as his writing exhibited new simplicity. "There were people seen easily. No outfits seem leamer and sharper to me," says Kathryn Meier, who has played date and needs for Cockburn since 1978. "It's the process of maturing, of reaching 35. When you're 22, you feel like you're going to live forever and you run away around all these other words and feelings and junk. The older you become, the easier just laughs off. And that's what happened to Bruce."

Cockburn's Christian faith, however, was too strong to be sloughed off. From the beginning, his music explored various forms of spirituality, from Christianity to Taoism. In 1974, he became a committed Christian. His faith has directed his songwriting ever since, although his strictest religious imagery has slowly moved to the background of his latest material. "What I am trying to do in my own mind," Cockburn says, "is to take what I know of the world of the spirit and find some place for it in day-to-day life." His Christianity is much more practical than the fundamentalism of recent converts such as Bob Dylan and Cliff Richard. Like writers Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene, Cockburn sees Christianity as a solid footing against the disintegration of spiritual values in the 20th century. Unlike the bullying proselytizing of Dylan—whose statistics the "Waters" are offered more as threats than as spiritual options—Cockburn's mustard-seed role is presented by him as, "I've got this information, if you want it, here it is."

Nevertheless, Cockburn's faith has been a liability. "I think his Christianity turned off a lot of people," says Gene Martyn, producer of all Cockburn's albums before *Inner City Proet* (which Cockburn produced himself with Paul Collins's assistance). "Some people the other day asked me about Bruce. 'How do you deal with that?' And I said, 'You don't have to. It's just not so evident anymore.'" Friends do not consider Cockburn's religious commitment a barrier in relationships. "The Christianity is there," says bass player Dennis Pominor, who has backed Cockburn intermittently for 12 years. "He's always willing to talk about it, but he'll never bring it up unless somebody else does. Occasionally when we're travelling, he'll read from the Bible or study, but it's never something he's push on somebody."

What prevents his religious views from being heavy-handed is the tempering influence of his keen intellect. With many pop musicians read nothing

deeper than Billboard charts, Cockburn's eclectic literary influences range from Christian fantasy Charles Williams and earthy French poet Blaise Cendrars to science-fiction writer Isaac Asimov. An Robert Crayton wrote in *The Village Voice*, "Cockburn is like a smart, nice but not especially top-notch English poet."

Cockburn's faith and his artistic imagination are part of a private world that has kept him separate from his cheerful exterior since childhood. "He talks about himself as a schizophrenic in that he has two worlds that are ab-

ways fighting for attention," explains Pominor. "One's a total fantasy world, every one is a while you'll get glimpses of his perception of a situation and it'll be totally bizarre. He says it's a very constant struggle for him to keep that in the back of his consciousness rather than in the forefront. I think that strangeness about him makes him a great artist." Even though one's first impressions of Cockburn are of a thoroughly open and nice person, when he talks of himself a portrait of a loner emerges. "For me, the lack of involvement with people was a gap in my

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At age 14 in Ottawa; at age 19, with Kitty and Arps in 1972; a private world kept separate from his cheerful exterior



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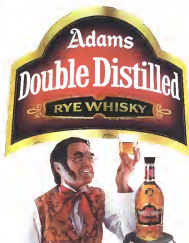
knowledge that has existed from childhood on," he recalls. That childhood was a normal middle-class upbringing. The eldest of three sons of an Ontario rubber-spect, Cockburn was exposed to classical music at an early age. After dabbling indifferently with the trumpet and the clarinet, he settled on the guitar. "I've got this picture of myself when I was 12," he remembers. "I'm standing on a stage as if I was onstage, playing this cardboard guitar that I made. My best friend and I used to fantasize and play these games like we were big rock 'n' roll stars. So obviously what I do now is consistent with what was in my mind then."

A short stint as a street busker in Europe followed high school, then he entered the Berklee School of Music in Boston and studied composition for a year-and-a-half. On his return to Ottawa in 1968, he played what he terms "synthetic rock 'n' roll" with a number of bands. "He was playing electric guitar, spitting blood through his harmonica and singing blues," recalls Neil Murray Macauliffe. "Bruce in those days was a mean, rotten, aggressive kid. He's melowed a lot and become a lot more knowledgeable and certainly more measured in his attack on the world. I don't think his ferocity is any the less. Bruce is the kind of person who has ideas about how things should be and uses his art to go out and see if they can't be changed."

Cockburn switched to performing solo in 1969 simply because "everything seemed to go fine when I was playing by myself but it didn't work as well when I was playing with bands." Through Gene Markey, he hooked up with Bernie Finkelstein as manager and in 1979 the album Bruce Cockburn became the first release of Finkelstein's True North Records. The small scale on which Cockburn worked allowed him to produce the music he wanted instead of entering to music company demands. "Bruce doesn't feel commercial pressure because he's always been in the black," says Finkelstein. "He's like Woody Allen in a way. While he doesn't make a lot of money from his art in the sense of

Suing No. 2, he doesn't spend a lot either."

His fourth album, *Night Vision* (released in 1979), featured an electric guitar on many of the tracks and was his first album to receive a gold record (sales of 50,000 in Canada). "Night Vision was noticeably more attention-getting than the other albums and that made me a bit nervous," he recalls. "I was afraid of taking the extra step." Instead, he settled into a niche of intellectual, thoughtful music and by the mid-'70s he could easily sell out 2,000-seat, audiotapeless rap where in Canada. But his loyal cult following had built-in limitations. The audience wanted to be placated—but not necessarily challenged—by the music. "I'd be up on



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stage playing and I'd have no idea of why I was there and felt totally stupid." Cockburn says of the three-year period before he formed the nucleus of his band in 1979 "I'd lost touch with what it felt like to play for people and why they were there. And I also just got bored doing the same thing over and over."

The cure for his artistic ennui was travel. Turns of Japan in 1977 and Italy in 1978 put him back in touch with audiences who responded to his music not with silent adulation but with singing and dancing. And he was exposed to a world of random violence that was light-years removed from the pleasant, secure life in the country. In 1979, when he was playing near Padua, Italy, a crowd of students started shooting out the windows of the hall. At another Italian concert, the stage was set for a bomb during the performance. "The audience was an completely unstable and wild and noisy and crazy," he recalls. "As far as I could tell, everybody seemed happy with the shows. We didn't get killed, which is what happens when they are not happy with the shows."

The jaded world he witnessed seeped into his lyrics. The humans of *Humanz* are paramilitary police and guerrillas, *Jonestown* Front covers "private armies on suburban lawns" and the "hellish darkness" in which nations dwell. "Nowhere is the change more apparent than in two songs written in Japan. *Nature's* J, written in 1977, is a playful look at a temple in Kyoto "white stone lake/crystal clear/I walk on the voices of nightingales." In stark contrast, 1979's *Tokyo* is a fragmented collage based on a violent car crash. "Classic book violence and sleeping steam/ Grey metal business men pushing against the wall/ Cut to crunching guardrail, slow motion car fall."

None of this anxiety is evident as Cockburn listens to the complete playback of *Jonestown Front* for the first time. On a fetching track called *And We Dream*, Kathryn Moser's flute soars on a melody line so light it threatens to ascend *turnover*. The words echo the contentment displayed by Cockburn as he relishes a rare calm moment in the studio. "We've got this time/ We've got this rhythm/ Till the whole thing comes apart/ Like light through a prism." In a world composed of discordant melodies which remain as unifying rhythms, the prism of *Humanz* Cockburn's imagination is a wider spectrum than most. And though the shafts of light may be bent by his conflicting places of congeniality and loneliness, faith and morality, rhythm and melody, the fractured lens remains one of the brightest in the dark shadow known as popular music.

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Another protest, another show

The World Film Festival of Montreal is a mixed blessing

By Wayne Grigsby

The World Film Festival of Montreal, hailed and bemoaned, yet somehow growing stronger every year, wrapped up its 16th season last week, dogged by the same old controversies. Once again, out-of-work cinema had provoked the opening ceremonies protesting the festival's \$500,000 in government subsidies. Critics had charged that the films in the festival's competitive section were lightweight, hitting at the only Canadian entry, *Kings and Desperate Men*, starring Patrick McGeehan and Margaret Tve-



Louque with Spruyt, forging an win confidence and preference, despite the protests

years of financial support from both sides. Louque also detests the festival's style, stubbornly insisting that it remain competitive (unlike Toronto's Festival of Festivals) at a time when fewer film-makers are willing to expose themselves to a win-or-lose situation. And he insists on running what seems to be a superficial bazaar in the face of the Cannes, Milan and Los Angeles markets.

But if the festival is in peril, it wasn't reflected in this year's turnout. Lured by more films than ever (189 features, 25 shorts), navigators threatened to break last year's record attendance. The overwhelming favorite was *Man of Iron*, Andrzej Wajda's stunning look at the events in Poland that forged the Solidarity movement, and winner of this year's Golden Palm at Cannes. Other hot tickets included Alina Tancu's *Light Years Away*, starring Trevor Howard as a grieving widow, *Requiem for a Dream*, a fascinating reconstruction of a criminal case from New Zealand's John Long, *Angels in Man*, a look at wartime Texas, starring Ronny Spassky, and *Christiane F.*, the controversial Ulied film about a 13-year-old heroin addict, which has grossed more than \$1 million at German box-offices alone. The German Olympic of Today series was well received, even though none of the films screened were first works, and showed it. And Rainer Werner Fassbinder, aging enfant terrible of German cinema, showed up, albeit five days after the opening-night screening of his *Lo and Behold*. To assure, he brought his latest film, *Zola*, another treatment of

conflict between human values and material obsession, but from the editing room.

Like all one-man shows, the festival reflects the strengths and weaknesses of its creator. Louque's European contacts are impressive, but for the most part, European cinema isn't what it used to be. The series from South America, a source that Louque mines every year, was interesting but spotty. It is in Hollywood, which dominates world film markets, that Louque has not been able to spin the web of personal alliances that would draw films. Toronto's Festival of Festivals, which taps the third-largest film audience in North America, is obviously where Hollywood wants to be in Canada. Still, three American features were in competition, lured by the success of *The Street Men*, winner of last year's festival. Louque's notion of an homage could stand rethinking too. Tributes to Wm. Keats (*In the Waterfront*) and Robert Wm. (West Side Story) consisted of only two and three works, respectively. Jury member Gilles Carle was honored with a screening of yet another version of his *Les Phlores*, a film still playing in Quebec theatres.

An idiosyncratic act over, the Montreal festival remains a baffling combination of strengths and weaknesses. Louque is a witty politician, inviting eminent German critic Florian Haefl to a juror one year and then sweet-talking him into preparing a German program the next. Louque has also shown the cowardice in his own stance to forget or despise the extranals. As they say in country songs, the festival may be all wrong, but it's all right. ☐



Marlen Dumas, Andrzej Wajda in *Man of Iron*: the overwhelming favorite

dens. And, as every year, rumors that the days of government support were numbered had filled darkened screening rooms—despite statements of support from Ottawa and Quebec.

What may be the world's most contrary film festival is made in the image of its founder and director general, Serge Louque. A cold, compact man with piercing eyes, Louque is single-minded, abrasive and daunting. His detractors justifiably accuse him of running a one-man show. He is the main voice behind all decisions, choosing which films and film-makers will receive attention. A born high-wire artist, Louque is a master of the tightrope dance between federal and provincial governments, whirling off promises to give the festival's more Canadian or Quebecois face while extracting a maxi-

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FREE Solid 14 Karat Gold Floating Heart Pendant Charm if you order by October 17

As part of an advertising campaign to promote the sale of gold jewelry we will ship from our corporate vault to the address of every reader of this publication a 16-inch solid 14K gold chain for the sum of only \$19 plus shipping and handling. And if you want our market research division by ordering before Midnight, Oct. 17, we will include a matching 14K gold floating heart pendant charm to wear on the chain free of charge. There is no further monetary requirement. Both chain and heart are composed entirely of solid 14K

gold throughout and will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity to this effect. This advertising notice is being placed simultaneously in other publications. If you see it in more than one publication, please let us know, as this information is helpful to us. Should you wish to return your chain you may do so at any time to the address below and receive a full refund. But the gold heart is yours to keep regardless. No request will be accepted past the date noted above. Your unexpired cheque will be returned if postmarked later than that date.

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GOLD CHAIN REQUEST FORM

Mail to: HMF MINERALS LTD., Gold Chain Campaign, Dept. 917-3, 185 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont. M5T 2C6. I am responding as directed. Please send me (check appropriate box):

16-inch gold chain necklace (status) ☐ 1 for \$19 ☐ 2 for \$38 ☐ 3 for \$57

7-inch gold chain bracelet (status) ☐ 1 for \$13 ☐ 2 for \$26 ☐ 3 for \$39

Necklace and bracelet both (status) ☐ 1 set for \$27 ☐ 2 sets for \$54 ☐ 3 sets for \$81

☐ YES I am ordering before Oct. 17 so please include a 14K gold floating heart pendant charm to wear on my gold chain necklace or bracelet as a free gift. (status)

TOTAL OF \$ enclosed.

(Add only \$2 shipping and handling per order—no matter how many items you order. Ontario residents please add 7% sales tax.)

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ Postal Code _____

Phone _____

Some things just take your breath away.



Great Canadian Vodka